

[CONTINUED.]

"Mysterious Discovery."—Unknown Gentleman Frozen to Death in a Mountain Pass.

It was only a brief report; but it sufficed to convince me that the state of the body, when found, had been such that the bullet wound was not likely to be so much as suspected. According to the newspaper account, the dead man's features were quite unrecognizable, and it was only by his clothing it could be surmised that he was a man of good position. His linen was unmarked, and there was no scrap of paper, or any other thing, upon the body, to afford a means of identification.

As a masked ball, in aid of a public charity, had been held in a neighboring town on Christmas eve, it was surmised he might have been on his way to it; but no one was reported as missing, and the whole affair seemed shrouded too deeply in mystery for the police to hope to solve it. It was a somewhat unexpected fashion. I got this letter from my old friend, Sir Harold Gwynne.

CHAPTER III.

My Friend Gwynne.

Again Christmas was approaching fast. I was debating within myself where and how I should spend it, when the matter was settled for me in a somewhat unexpected fashion. I got this letter from my old friend, Sir Harold Gwynne.

"My Dear Douglas— I want you to spend Christmas at Deepdene. My sister is sending you a formal invitation, and I am writing this private line to make you understand I shall look upon it as a personal favor if you'll come. I want to see you most particularly. There are some very decent people here. I feel sure you would get a rather jolly Christmas.

"Yours ever,
HAROLD GWYNNE."

When I got this letter, I wasn't two minutes in deciding to go to Deepdene. I simply couldn't have refused Harold Gwynne a favor, I loved him too well and owed him too much. We had known each other fully twenty years, and once, when we were out hunting together, he had saved my life at death peril to his own. Ever since that time we had been nearer than brothers, Harold Gwynne and I.

His sister's note of formal invitation accompanied his own. She was Lady Mallory, wife of Sir Thomas Mallory, and her house—Deepdene, in Somersetshire—was at all times a pleasant place to visit at. She wanted me to make a long stay she told me to go on the thirtieth of December and to stay over New Year's Day.

I wrote an acceptance at once, and on the thirtieth I put myself and my trunk into the train, and was whirled into Somersetshire.

I should explain that I had given up my mountain cottage ten months before—indeed, as soon as ever my sprained ankle was quite well. The bachelor uncle with whom I had quarrelled, and whose roof I had quitted in a fit of independence, had made overtures of peace, and I hadn't been at all sorry to respond to them.

I was in my own sphere once more, and the memory of those months spent in the mountain but would have seemed little more than a dream, had it not been for my adventure with the mysterious masked woman on Christmas Eve, and the discovery of the murdered man in the pass.

The recollection of these things was terribly vivid in my mind. The man had been buried without a name, I knew, and people had talked much of the strangeness of his being amongst the mountains in such attire, but all such things are only nine day wonders, at the best, and before a week was over, some other mystery arose to chase that one from its place in the public mind.

When I got out of the train at Deepdene station I found, as I had expected, Gwynne upon the platform awaiting me. "This is very good of you, old fellow," he said, in his quiet, earnest manner, which always meant so much, as he grasped my hand. "I like that, answered, laughing. "It's your sister who's good, for inviting me, I should think."

"You know we're always glad to have you," he said, as he led the way to the drawing room. He was driving himself, and had no servant with him. I saw in a minute he wanted a bit of private conversation with me.

"Is it a love-affair?" I thought. "Has somebody touched his heart at last?" And hardly had we taken our seats, before he turned round to me, and said, in the simplest, quietest manner: "Look, old boy, I'm going to get married."

I was surprised and keenly interested.

Somewhat, I had taken it for granted that Gwynne would never marry. He was over forty—seven years older than I—and, although chivalrous and deferential to all women, had never shown the very faintest trace of being in love with one.

He was a fine handsome fellow too, just the sort that women are most fond of.

"What is the lady?" I asked more anxiously than I quite cared to show. "Do I know her, Hal?"

"I am quite sure you do not. She has never been in England until lately. I must tell you first, Jack, she is a widow."

"A widow!"

I felt my face lengthening; my hopes sank to zero. I have always detested widows as a class. The idea of my friend falling a prey to one was positively awful to me.

"Yes, a widow," repeated Gwynne, quietly. "You're surprised, I can see; but try to suspend your judgment until you have seen her. I will ask for your congratulations then."

"Oh, I have no doubt the lady is everything that is charming!" I answered, lamely. If she hadn't been, you wouldn't have chosen her, I'm quite sure of that. Can you describe her at all—give me any idea what she is like?"

"No," he answered, gravely. "No description could do that. If I were to tell you she is the most beautiful woman in the world, you would think me rhapsodizing, and yet I verily believe that, in saying so, I should be well within the truth. But I can't expect you to believe it now; you must see her, then you will understand."

His voice was so calmly soft as he spoke, his deep gray eyes held a look of infinite tenderness. I could see for myself it was a mighty passion which possessed his soul.

"You haven't told me her name," I ventured.

"Her name! It is that of Dante's love—Beatrice," and his voice dwelt softly on the sound.

"But her other name, her late husband's?"

"Gramont. She is the Comtesse de Gramont."

A Frenchwoman! I exclaimed, in amazement.

"No, not she is English, the orphan daughter of a high-born, but poor, English gentleman, who was forced by circumstances to spend most of his time abroad."

"And where did you first meet her?" I asked, a little mistrustfully, I fear.

I could not help deeming that he had fallen into the toils of an adventuress. "I met her in Switzerland. She was staying there with her daughter."

"Her daughter! Good Heavens, Gwynne!"

And now I could not help showing how surprised and shocked I was.

"Surely you don't mean she has a grown-up child!"

"Not exactly grown-up, Jack," he answered, with a quiet smile which went to my heart. She is barely sixteen."

"Of course, then, it would be discourteous to ask the age of the mother."

"I will tell you without your asking. She is thirty-two."

"Then she must have married at fifteen."

"Yes, she did."

There was silence between us for a minute or two after this, then my friend turned round to me, looked full into my eyes, and laid his hand on my shoulder.

"Jack old fellow," he said, in a voice of deep emotion. If there's a man on earth I can be said to love it's you, and I think you know it. I'm not a man to give my heart to beyond, but where I do give it, I give it to my very soul. I have one sister, one friend, one love, and Jack, it would hurt me more than I can say if there were to be anything but peace and true goodwill amongst us four."

"Little has already learned to love my Beatrice, and I want you to love her too. Nay, don't speak—as I was about to answer him—"don't speak now. Wait till you have seen Beatrice, then you shall tell me all your thoughts of her, whatever they are, and I will listen. I know quite well all you are thinking now, the objections you are disposed to make; but, believe me, when once you have seen my love, you will tell me I am not deceived—you will lay your hand in mine, and congratulate me as the most fortunate man who ever trod this earth."

His earnestness moved me deeply. I received at that moment to like the goodness of his idolatry for his sake. I gripped his hand in mine, and muttered an indistinct word or two. I don't know whether I ought to be ashamed to confess it, but I do confess that both our eyes were wet.

CHAPTER IV.

Lady Gramont.

In another minute we were at the house. Lady Mallory came out into the well-lighted hall to welcome me, and led me straight away to her own pretty boudoir. Her brother went round to the stable meanwhile to look after the horse.

"I suppose Harold has told you the news," she said, hiding me by both hands and laughing gaily. I had known her ever since she wore short frocks and pinafores, and we had always been famous friends.

"Yes, I was surprised. Is she really so very charming?"

"Is she indeed, I am almost as much in love with her as Harold is, and so will you be when you see her. She has been staying here quite a long time, now, and I like her more and more every day. She is the most exquisitely gifted creature, as well as perfectly beautiful. But now you must go away and dress, or you will be late for dinner; and then, you know, Sir Thomas will be sure to scold."

I descended very expeditiously—so expeditiously that, when I entered the drawing room, I found a lady waiting. I was the first to come downstairs; I knew the house well enough to find my way to any part of it, so I walked on to the library, half hoping I might find Gwynne there.

The door was slightly ajar; I pushed it open very quietly, and at once saw there was somebody there, and that somebody not Gwynne. A young girl, little more than a child I took her to be, as she stood with her back towards me—was at one of the bookshelves, reaching up to touch the top of a book. She was dressed all in white, a soft muslin which reached only to her ankles, and her hair fell over her cheeks and about her shoulders. I stepped up behind her and reached down the book.

"Allow me," I said with a smile.

She turned and looked at me, a little startled, and then I saw that, in spite of the childish simplicity of her dress, she was, in truth, almost a woman.

She was very, very lovely. Her face was a pure oval in shape, and was exquisitely clear and remarkably fair, with a color in the cheeks like that in the heart of a blush rose.

Her eyes were large and lustrous; I could not at the moment determine their color, but I have since discovered they were of a grayish hazel, fringed by long silken lashes. She had a sweet, sensitive mouth, a perfectly moulded nose and chin, and the hair which waved about her face, slightly curling and very silky, was of the richest shade of light chestnut brown.

In a moment it struck me that this was probably the daughter of the Comtesse de Gramont. Gwynne had said she was barely sixteen, and this girl's dress testified to her being about that age. There was a look of thoughtful gravity on her face which might have made me fancy she was nearer eighteen than sixteen if it had not been for the testimony of the dress.

"Perhaps," I said to myself, "the marriageable widow has discreetly put back her daughter's age a year or two."

I don't know whether I may be permitted to introduce myself. I observed when she had thanked me for my assistance. "I am a very old friend of Lady Mallory and of her brother. My name is Douglas."

Her face instantly lighted up with recognition, and I flattered myself, with pleasure also.

"Mr. John Douglas?" she cried. "Oh, I am so glad to know you! Sir Harold is always talking about you to us—I mean to mamma and me."

"And may I know who mamma and you are?" I questioned, laughing, though, of course, I now scarcely needed to be told.

"My name is Vera—Vera Gramont. Mamma is Madame la Comtesse de Gramont," she added, archly.

"I thought so. Well, Miss Vera, I hope our acquaintance will quickly ripen into friendship."

"Oh, and so do I. It will be so nice to know you—indeed, I seem to know you already with hearing so much of you from Sir Harold."

There was a gentle girlish frankness in her manner, and in her look as well, which was altogether winning.

In my heart I said that, if the mother were only half as charming, Sir Harold had chosen well.

"Perhaps Lady Mallory will allow me to take you in to dinner," I said, smiling down upon the girl, "then I fancy, our acquaintance would ripen fast."

"Oh! but I don't go to dinner! I dined long since—at the regular luncheon. I am not out yet, you know."

I looked and felt disappointed. I would fain have read the disappointment in my face, for she went on brightly—

"But I come into the drawing room after dinner. Mamma bids me sit quietly in a corner and not try to attract notice. But I may speak if I am spoken to," she added, with a glance of the sweetest archness.

"I shall look in all the corners till I find you out," I assured her, laughing.

Even while I spoke, the dinner gong sounded, and Vera flew away like a lapwing. I returned to the drawing room with an increased curiosity to know what her mother was like. Gwynne was there.

"Oh, here you are, Jack," he said, as I made my appearance. Then, in a lower voice: "And here is Beatrice; I hear her voice on the stairs."

The door opened, Gwynne went towards it, and I, turning round from a picture which I was pretending to study, saw him leading forward a woman whose beauty was so dazzling, so entirely perfect, that for a moment I could only stand and look at her with something that almost bordered on a stare.

She was above the middle height, and yet one would scarcely have described her as tall, so exquisite were her proportions. A figure of more perfect grace I should think it would be impossible to see. Her face, rising like some queenly flower on the stem of her white throat, was such as I know not how to describe.

A face of wondrous fairness the features clear-cut, as though chiselled out of marble; the eyes a deep violet-blue, fringed by long, dark lashes; and the hair of a deep nut brown, very glossy and abundant, and to-night begemmed with lustrous pearls.

Her lips were full, yet not too full, a delicious crimson, and sweet as any rose in June.

"I want you two to know each other," said Gwynne, in a voice of deep feeling. "I shall not introduce you formally. Jack, you know this is my future sister-in-law. Beatrice, you know this is my dearest friend."

Lady Gramont put out her hand with a frank, sweet grace of manner, which reminded me of her daughter.

"I need not say I am glad to meet you," I said, I fear a little awkwardly. Men generally are awkward just when they desire to be most easy.

"I will not say it either, but I will try to prove my gladness," said Lady Gramont, with gentle earnestness.

"I have already seen your daughter," I said, after a pause. Her face lighted up into new beauty.

"Ah, Vera!" she exclaimed. "What do you think of her, Mr. Douglas?"

"What must everyone think of her? She is altogether charming—and very beautiful."

"It is kind of you to say so, I, as her mother, am prejudiced, of course; but I do think Vera is very sweet."

Sir Thomas and Lady Mallory, and some of the other guests, came into the room at this moment. I feared I should be separated from Lady Gramont, but it was not so. Lady Mallory had assigned to me the agreeable duty of taking her down to dinner. I doubt not that this was at Gwynne's suggestion. He wanted me to become acquainted with his betrothed wife.

I, upon my part, was well pleased to find myself beside her. A man is never insensible to the proximity of a beautiful woman, and I quickly found that Lady Gramont was rarely gifted as well as dazlingly beautiful.

Politics, arts, sciences, or literature, she was at ease on all these topics, and expressed herself with a grace and a brilliancy which left me lost in admiration.

Harold sat opposite me. I caught his eye, and knew quite well it was saying—

"I challenge your congratulations now. Have I not indeed chosen the fairest and noblest woman in the world?"

After dinner, when we repaired to the drawing room, I remembered my promise to Vera. Sure enough, I found her in the most secluded corner, almost quite hidden by a great pot of pink azaleas. She wore her white muslin

trousers still, and had a blue sash, and an exquisite pearl comb put back her lovely hair.

"Well, you see I have come," I said, dropping into the seat beside her. She nodded brightly.

"Yes; but I knew you would."

"And how, pray?"

A delicate pink flush mantled her cheek, but she raised her eyes quite frankly to mine.

"I can read people's characters in their faces," she said, laughing, "and I was quite sure you would keep your word."

The frank childish flattery—if it was flattery—charmed me more than I should have cared to admit. I told myself I had never seen such a charming child in all my life as this young daughter of Lady Gramont's.

We were allowed to keep undisturbed possession of our corner for nearly an hour. Lady Gramont, who sat at some distance, with Harold leaning over the back of her chair, could see us distinctly, and I had an odd, vague fancy that she kept Lady Mallory from disturbing us.

More than once I saw my hostess glance towards our corner, and on each occasion Vera's mother seemed to murmur a word, which prevented her from calling me away.

Presently, however, Lady Gramont herself rose and came towards us. Her grand, fair beauty showed to perfection as she walked down the long, brilliantly-lighted room. She wore a dress of thick ivory white satin, edged with dark fur. It fitted her queenly figure to perfection, and the dark, soft fur threw up into new loveliness the dark, soft fairness of her skin. Vera sprang up to meet her as she approached.

"Oh, mamma, I am enjoying myself so much!" she cried, eagerly. "Mr. Douglas is telling me such a lot of adventures. He has traveled in nearly every country, mamma, and has met with adventures in them all."

Was it my fancy, or did a shade of something which, if it was not fear, was closely akin to it, darken for a moment Lady Gramont's face?

"Mr. Douglas is very good," she said, in her rich, soft voice, and with the sweetest smile. "But you must not let him find you troublesome. He has far more important things to do than to entertain my little girl."

As she said this she wound her arm round her daughter's waist, looking down into her face with a look of tenderest love. Standing together thus, they made a lovely picture. The grandly refined womanhood of the mother was a foil for the girlish grace of the daughter, and the daughter performed equal service for the mother.

One thing I decided, as I stood and watched them; I had been altogether wrong in my uncharitable suspicion that Lady Gramont had, perhaps, represented Vera as younger than she really was, in order to conceal her own true age.

She could easily have passed for seventeen and twenty if it had not been for this tall young daughter and assuredly no one—not even the most malignant enemy—could suspect she was any older than she frankly confessed herself to be—thirty-two. She and Vera seemed more like sisters than mother and child.

CHAPTER V.

A Terrible Suspicion.

The next few days passed delightfully at Deepdene. Every one who has spent a Christmas in a pleasant country house, knows what a succession of fun and gaiety there is for those who are inclined to take a part in it. There were to be private theatricals on New Year's Day, and the rehearsals kept us all busy, as well as games with endless merriment.

Vera and I had become fast friends. Her grace and loveliness had charmed me from the first, and when I found, as I quickly did, that she had intellectual gifts of a high order, and a sweet frankness of disposition, I attached myself to her whenever I could, with hearty good-will.

I'm sure I don't know why for I was twice her age, a great strapping fellow more than six feet high, a mighty hunter rather than a drawing room gallant; and I fear she must have found me a little unpolished, if not absolutely rough.

I had spent much of my life in traveling, and had few opportunities of acquiring that particular species of refinement which ladies' society is supposed to confer.

However, Vera took it into her pretty head to like me, and we were never so happy, in those cold December days, as when we were together. I tell you, her some wild tale of venture, or she taking up the paragon of poetry to me.

Let it be clearly understood that there was no question of love-making between us. If such a thought ever crossed my mind, I always told myself that I was a great deal too old, and plain, and rough for that lovely girl; and, besides, she was so thoroughly a child, in her simple white frocks, and with her unbound hair, that the very notion seemed preposterous.

I don't deny that I used to get an odd little pain at my heart when I thought what a lovely woman she would make in a few years' time, and how much she would be sought after.

Nevertheless, I treated her exactly as I would have treated a dear young sister, and we simply remained fast friends. I was so interested in the daughter as to have no thought for the mother. Indeed, the more I knew of Vera, the more keenly interested I felt in Lady Gramont.

Harold monopolized her very much, of course, but she found time to spend a few minutes with me, and I was very friendly, and I am sure I ought to have been flattered by the winning sweetness of her look whenever she addressed me.

She seemed bent on ingratiating herself with the man who was her future husband's dearest friend. But, strange though it may sound, I could not cordially like Lady Gramont.

On that first evening, I had been dazzled by her beauty—dazzled, also, by her intellectual charm but, as day succeeded day, and I saw her again, I was conscious that there was a latent something in my nature, which stubbornly refused to harmonize with hers.

I took myself severely to task for this unreasonable caprice, as I called it, but I could not overcome it—I could not divest myself of a suspicion that Lady Gramont was not altogether what she seemed. When I had been at Deepdene but a few days, this suspicion took a still odder shape.

I was passing the library, when I

heard her reading aloud to Mr. Harold. It was poetry she was reading—something intensely melancholy.

I think it was that mournful thing of Keats', called 'Isabella'; at any rate, I heard her repeat those words—

"And still they say, 'Oh, cruelly!'"

"To take my basil pot from me!"

Her voice, of course, took on a melancholy cadence, and, as I heard it, I could scarcely keep back an exclamation of horror at the sound. For it sounded to me exactly like the voice of the woman who had been attacked by Nero last Christmas Eve—the woman, whom, in my secret heart, I firmly believed to be a murderess.

It is impossible to describe my sensations at that moment. The library door was slightly ajar, and I stood outside it, like one turned to stone—fascinated by those rich, full, mournful tones.

The masked woman had scarcely addressed more than half a dozen sentences to me, and her voice, for the most part, had been hoarse with pain and fear; but once it had sounded clear enough. It was when we had stood at the cottage door together, at midnight; and she had said she was a most unhappy woman. The tone of her voice as she said that, had haunted me for months after; and it seemed to me as though I were hearing it over again in listening to those rich, full tones of Lady Gramont.

Of course I told myself it was a wild, mad fancy, of course I said it was utterly impossible that this beautiful and highly-connected Lady Gramont, who had the entire of the best circles in England, and who adorned them all, could have anything in common with that guilty woman who had fled down the pass last Christmas Eve, with murder on her soul.

But, try as I might, I could not shake off my suspicions. They clung to me, and haunted me, and made me, I confess, most thoroughly uncomfortable. While I was standing in the corridor outside the library, Vera came running down from one of the upstairs rooms, dressed for walking out.

"Where are you going, Vera?" I asked.

"Only for a walk in the grounds. Will you come too, Sir Douglas?"

She had fallen into a pretty, playful way of calling me Sir Douglas. It had been in a jest, but I liked it, and encouraged her to continue it. I fear I had been looking somewhat grave and gloomy; but I cleared my brow at sight of her, and returned her smile.

The child looked so pretty in her dark blue serge frock, short enough to display her graceful ankles, and her smart little sealskin coat and cap. The moodiest old bachelor that ever lived might well have cleared his brow at sight of her.

"Of course I'll come," I answered; and, getting my hat as I passed through the hall, we were soon out in the clear, bright sunshine. It was a glorious day. The ground was covered with snow, a decided frostiness was in the air, and yet all was bright and sunny.

I should have enjoyed my walk immensely but for those uncomfortable suspicions which would cling to my mind. Presently I resolved to question Vera a little.

"You have never spent a Christmas in England before, have you, Vera?"

"Not since I was quite a little girl. I don't remember it at all."

"And your mother?" I think it is a long time since she spent a Christmas in England isn't it?"

"Oh, yes. Mamma hasn't been to England, for years. We are both of us looking forward to Christmas Day, you know."

"Your mamma has spent a good deal of her life in India, hasn't she, Vera?"

"Yes, with papa. I lived there, too, till I had the fever, and seemed not likely to get strong again. Then they sent me back to Europe—to France. I was at school there, and it was very lonely. I did so long to see mamma; but she couldn't leave papa, you know."

"And when your father died, she came to you? How long ago is that, Vera?"

"It is two years. We have lived in Switzerland since then. I left school and had a governess, instead."

"And how did you spend last Christmas?" I asked; and so terribly anxious

"Oh, Douglas, I am so glad you are better."

was I, that my voice sounded not quite natural as I put the question.

"Last Christmas! Oh, it was very wretched! Mamma had to go away on business, and I was quite alone."

"Where did she go, Vera?"

"To Germany. There was some terrible matter that had to be attended to all in a hurry. She was away more than a fortnight. Oh, how glad I was to see her back again!"

"You are very fond of your mother, Vera?"

CONTINUED TOMORROW.

Meant as a Compliment.

"Don't you think, Mrs. Spitley, that this hat is a little too gay for a matronly woman like me?"

"Not at all, my dear. You know that you're years younger than you look."—Tit-Bits.

Competition.

"Maud says she is madly in love with her new wheel."

"Huh! Another case where man is displaced by machinery."—Household Words.

One of Fashion's Frills.

"I hear they are trimming the bottom of skirts with fur."

"Yes; that's another fashionable fur-below."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

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HOW CHURCHILL ESCAPED.

His Privations Make Him Anxious for Revenge.

HID AMONG COAL SACKS

Walked the Railroad Track for Five Days, Dodging the Stations and the Bridges—Free State Boers Angry at Cronje's Camp—The Boers Shell Methuen's Camp—Little Damage.

London, Dec. 28.—The Post prints the following as Winston Churchill's account of his escape from the Boers at Pretoria:

"I was informed by the Transvaalers on Dec. 12 that there was little chance of my release. I left the state schools prison the same night, climbed the wall, and walked through the streets unchallenged. I boarded the Delagoa Bay railroad and started a goods train just beyond the first station and hid in the truck full of coal sacks. I left the train before daybreak and hid in a sheltered wood. I walked the track five days, dodging the stations and the bridges, making detours to avoid bridges and stations. I had a little water and some chocolate. I laid up in the day-time and walked at night.

"On the sixth day I boarded a train beyond Middelburg, whence I rode direct to Delagoa Bay. The Boers searched the train at Komati Poort, but I was not discovered. I lost several pounds in weight."

His privations appear to have made Churchill anxious for revenge. He says he will avail himself of every opportunity to urge earnestly the unflinching and uncompromising prosecution of the war.

A despatch from Modder River to the Times, dated Dec. 26, details the retirement of the Free State Boers at Commandant Cronje assuming absolute control of the Boer force. It says the Free Stateers allege that Commandant Cronje conceives the strategy of every encounter, and Commandant Cronje, with the aid of sjamboks, carries it out. The use of sjamboks is undoubted. One Boer asked an English doctor if much "sjamboking" was necessary among the British also.

The sjambok is a thick, heavy whip, usually made of hippopotamus hide, which the Boer drivers of ox-teams use to flog the wheeler. They keep another whip, with a handle about twelve feet long and a lash measuring twenty feet, for the leaders. On rough roads the wheeler and the span immediately in front of them, being within reach of the sjambok, suffer the most, and it is said that one of this unfortunate quartet is generally known as "the Englishman."

A Modder River despatch to the Times says that six Marconi wireless telegraph instruments intended for the Boers have been captured.

Modder River, Dec. 21 (Delayed in transmission).—The Boers advanced a 12-pounder and shelled the camp this morning. The shells fell 700 yards short. The British 4-inch lyddite gun replied. There were no casualties on the British side.

A MURDERER'S ESCAPE.

Cut His Way Out of His Cell in a Virginia Jail.

Norfolk, Va., Dec. 28.—The news of the sensational escape from Portsmouth jail of Walker Cotton, colored, who was under sentence of death because of a murder in the city of Cotton murdered Charles Wyatt, a white man, whose store in Portsmouth he entered in the night intent on robbery. He was sentenced to be hanged January 12, and a death watch was set upon him. J. Saunders, the watchman, whose hammock was swung just outside the steel cage in which the murderer was confined, went to sleep. Cotton fled the bars of his cage and made his escape. At 5 o'clock in the morning Saunders awoke, and discovering that Cotton's cage was empty, sounded the alarm. Hurricane Branch, constable of Nansemond county, put his bloodhounds on Cotton's trail, which led toward Dismal swamp, where Cotton is believed to have taken refuge. Hundreds of citizens joining in the pursuit, the dogs were disconcerted, so they were drawn off until to-night, when they are expected to be again put on the scent. Before leaving the jail Cotton donned the garments of the sleeping Saunders. The latter has been arrested. Cotton is stated to have had in his cell for some time a knife, of which it is believed his jailors feared to attempt to dispossess him.

Pittsburg Millionaire Dead.

Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 28.—Capt. J. J. Vandergrift died suddenly last night at the age of 73. Yesterday morning he attended a meeting held in the interest of the fund for the family of Gen. Lawton.

Capt. Vandergrift was worth about \$100,000. He began life as a river steamboat deckhand. He leaves three daughters and two sons. His daughters are Mrs. J. M. Bingham, of New York; Mrs. Johnston, wife of Major J. A. Johnston, U. S. A.; and Mrs. T. E. Murphy, daughter-in-law of Francis S. Murphy, the temperance advocate.

Specific for Alcoholism.

Paris, Dec. 28.—Sapellier and Thebaud, two French physicians have announced the discovery of a serum which is a specific against alcoholism. It is extracted from the veins of a horse, rendered alcoholic by artificial means.

Plague Spreads in Bombay.

Bombay, Dec. 28.—Bubonic plague in the city and presidency is increasing fast. The death rate is about 200 daily.

THE LATEST ELIXIR.

Another Physician Has Discovered a Serum for Longevity.

Paris, Dec. 28.—The essence of life, or the secret of prolonging human existence, is now occupying the minds of the savants of the Pasteur Institute. In conversation on the subject Professor Mechanicoff says:

"The article already published was a surprise to me, as I have never been interviewed by any one. As a matter of fact, the article was substantially correct, but I can only attribute its appearance to a compatriot having communicated the discovery. I begged my compatriots not to speak of the matter, but as the subject has now become to a certain extent public property, I am willing to talk."

"I am not ready yet to speak to the world of my discoveries, because we have not arrived at a stage when they can be applied to human beings. At present our work is only in the scientific or laboratory stage, and there is no practical result as yet."

"This is the second year of my studies on this particular subject, but cellular life has for a long time interested me."

"We have arrived at this result, viz: 'That old age is a phenomenon which occurs unduly soon.'"

"We are composed of little cells, which are in harmony with one another but a moment arrives when this harmony is interrupted because there are cells which are very susceptible to poison, while there are cells on the other hand, which are not susceptible."

"It is incorrect to say 'the noble cells die and become the prey of the other, or phagocytic cells, thus bringing about the atrophy of the organ where this metamorphosis takes place.'"

"It is not a question of these noble cells dying. Enfeebling is a better word and the cells less susceptible exercise a prejudicial influence on the others."

"There are several discoveries made by M. Bordet, of the Pasteur Institute, which enable us to prepare a serum which affects only one category of cells without touching the others."

"Thus, there is a serum which affects only the head, another the kidneys, another the liver, and so on, but thus far we have only experimented on animals."

"In his confessions Count Tolstoy tells us about the state of his mind when he arrived at the conclusion that life had no raison d'être, for at any moment we may be carried off by death, after which nothing remains except corruption and worms."

"Now, old age is what I am combating. Old age comes to us without our feeling a desire to be old. We have no appetite for that."

"We desire to eat, and we eat, we are thirsty and we drink. Eating and drinking, then, are normal, being preceded by a desire to satisfy those longings."

"Old age, on the contrary, comes without that desire, and is abnormal. We have no instinctive desire for death. We become resigned to it, that's all."

"There are some people, it is true, who have evinced a desire to die, just as one wants to drink a glass of water, but this is rare."

"I do not pretend to say what is the proper age for man, but I am certain that man should live longer than he does."

"There are certain records to the effect that the age of man was very great at one time. I do not refer to those records, but we know this for a certainty, that since statistics have been taken on the subject the age of man has been found to be increasing, and not diminishing. Civilization has brought this about. For instance, you will find the age of man in Russia shorter than in France, England or Germany."

"Reproduction of species has nothing to do with age. We see animals like the mole, which have very few young, live to a great age. On the other hand, the carp, which lives to a great age, is extremely prolific, so that the question of reproduction has nothing to do with longevity."

"Up to the present the question of old age has been neglected by savants. They find it reasonable and simple to become atrophied. Nevertheless the question is worthy of study."

"I do not know how we shall succeed in our studies. We are not counting on immediate success, and I repeat, our studies are at present purely scientific."

"What we have discovered so far has only an air of suggestiveness. That is all. Any statement over and above that is not my statement, and would be only an exaggeration pure and simple."

Harvard Loss By Fire.

Boston, Dec. 28.—The Harvard College boat club house has been destroyed by fire. The club house was a magnificent structure and had not been long completed. It was located opposite Soldiers' Field on the Charles River. The fire gained headway almost immediately, and the structure was soon wrapped in flames. The building was totally destroyed. The loss is estimated at \$40,000.

Our Plague Ship in London.

London, Dec. 28.—The coffee steamer ship J. W. Taylor, Captain Phillips, from New York, December 12, arrived at Queenstown yesterday. There was no sickness during the voyage. The customs officers did not clear the vessel, and no one will be allowed to land until the port medical officer grants a certificate of admission after the ship has complied with the quarantine regulations.

Hanged a Woman.

Brandon, Man., Dec. 28.—Emily H. Blake, a domestic, has been hanged here for the murder of Mrs. Lane, her mistress. The drop fell at 8:40 A. M. The execution was quite private, only a few persons obtaining the privilege of witnessing it.

Accidents come with distressing frequency on the farm.

Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil relieves the pain instantly. Never safe without it.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Sorefooting Balm has been used for children's teething. It is the best remedy for colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Accidents come with distressing frequency on the farm.

Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil relieves the pain instantly. Never safe without it.

A SIMPLE QUESTION.

Portsmouth People Are Requested to Answer This.

Are not statements from representative citizens of Portsmouth more convincing than the doubtful utterances of people living everywhere else in the Union? Read this:

Mr. A. P. Blake, of 23 High street, says:—"I had a distressing pain in my back, dizziness and headache and an annoying urinary difficulty. I went to the Philbrick pharmacy and got Doan's Kidney Pills for it and they gave me great relief. I had an accident which injured my spine, and my physician told me it was incurable, consequently I cannot hope for a permanent cure, but I will say this, by taking half a box of Doan's Kidney Pills I was relieved of my backache and the urinary difficulty. I gave the balance of the box to my son, who was troubled with kidney complaint also. They did him so much good that he will take got more, and they cured him."

For sale by all dealers; price 50 cents. Foster-McMillan Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no substitute.

RIVER PIRATES.

Police Think They Killed George B. Eyre.

Philadelphia, Dec. 28.—George B. Eyre, a young athlete who disappeared mysteriously from the Philadelphia Boat Club's house, the police believe, has met with foul play.

After the young man's disappearance it was found that the boat club house had been looted. It is believed to have been the work of river pirates.

Said Chief of Police Thomas J. Barry today: "The body of George Eyre will be found by men who have picks and shovels. I believe that Eyre has been killed and his body buried in the mud and his boat burned so as to hide all trace of him."

Eyre left his home in Chester on Wednesday morning to come to Philadelphia. Early on Thursday morning Eyre telephoned home that he was being gunned. He added that he would remain in Philadelphia that night.

He was last seen going down to the boat house to don his gunning costume. The only valuables he had at the time were two diamond rings and two guns, valued at \$250. Eyre's boat, together with two dozen duck stools, have disappeared, and it is believed they were turned. Police launched set out early today to continue the search.

The missing man has long been prominent in military circles. He is a veteran of the recent war. Eyre's subordinates declare they are sure he has been murdered by river pirates.

MR. BRYAN'S TOPICS.

He Will Discuss the Money Question as Well as Trusts.

Austin, Tex., Dec. 28.—W. J. Bryan's attention was called to a despatch from Washington, stating that he had written Congressman Daly, of New Jersey, that he would make several speeches in the East, discussing trusts and imperialism, and he was asked as to whether the report indicated an intention of abandoning the silver question. He replied:

"Congressman Daly has probably been misquoted. I expect to make several speeches in the East, but I expect to discuss the money question along with other questions. There are three questions now prominently before the people, to wit: The money question, the trust question and the Philippine question. Whenever I make a political speech I discuss all three questions."

Mr. Bryan will leave here Saturday for his trip to Lincoln, Omaha, Kansas City and Chicago, and thence to the East. He will be gone about one month.

BOUTELLE'S ILLNESS.

Said to Have Been Taken to a Boston Sanitarium for Treatment.

Bangor, Me., Dec. 28.—Congressman Charles A. Boutelle, who was brought from Boston to his home here last Saturday morning suffering from a serious illness, the exact nature of which has not been divulged by the physicians, has been taken back to Boston in the midnight train accompanied by his brother, Edward P. Boutelle, and a physician. His departure was not known until last night, when the news leaked out and caused something of a sensation in this city.

Ever since the Congressman's return from Boston great secrecy has been maintained as to his condition, all inquiries at his home eliciting only the statement that he was about the same and that his recovery was expected. Rumors have been in circulation that he was in a very nervous condition. It is said by physicians and others that the Congressman has been taken to a sanitarium near Boston for treatment.

Maine Heroes' Bodies.

Washington, Dec. 28.—A special train has taken the bodies of the Maine dead to Roanoke, Va. Forty-five teams from the military post at Fort Meyer, in charge of non-commissioned officers, met the train and removed the coffins to the Arlington cemetery. Each was draped with a flag. They were placed in shelter tents near the site of the graves, and a guard of mail the burial to-morrow.

Kentucky Family of Teetotalers.

When Gen. Nelson A. Miles was fighting Indians in the west he learned the art of "trailin' his horse."

He was able to trace the course of a single man over prairie grass as few except Indians can do.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Sorefooting Balm has been used for children's teething. It is the best remedy for colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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RUSSELL SAGE PLAYS GAGE

And Calls Watered Industrials Nothing But Robberies.

THE FINANCIAL TROUBLE

The Venerable Financier Speaks Plainly and to the Point—He Says the Government Has No Right to Place Millions at the Disposal of Any One Bank—Secretary Gage Criticized.

New York, Dec. 28.—"The Government has no right to take the public money and place them at the disposal of a single banking institution. It is a great mistake. It is dangerous," said Russell Sage to a reporter to-day.

"The act of Secretary Gage is a menace to the business community. It practically gives one man the control of the country's financial lever, to turn whichever way does him the most good."

"Mr. Rockefeller is in business to make money, and the National City Bank is operating for its own good. With the free use of the immense sums which the Government proposes to throw into the bank's vaults, it could manipulate the money market at times to suit its own fancy."

"We had one experience with a United States Bank and it was too unpopular with the public to continue in business. The public will no more approve of the National City Bank being the sole receiver of our revenue funds than it did of the United States Bank."

"If Secretary Gage honestly wishes to aid the money stringency let him do so through the aid of the Clearing House. This association includes the Presidents of fifty banks of this city, and they can handle the financial situation as it should be handled."

"The Clearing House, I don't believe, is a center of Government millions. The men of that institution know too well the dangers of such a monopoly."

"What were the primary causes of this money stringency?" Mr. Sage was asked.

"Inflated trusts and numerous so-called 'industrials' which were nothing more than robberies. They deceived the public and the promoters should have been indicted and sent to jail."

"Why, some of them were capitalized as high as ten and twenty millions. Treacherous! They fooled the market with 'rot' and the people were induced to invest their money in the belief that they would get it back to-morrow."

"We have ample banking laws to protect us against such schemes, and they should have been applied."

"The amount of money which the public put into these alleged investments can hardly be comprehended. It tied up millions which was used by these concerns to squeeze the money market."

"Let me say that if the Government is to relieve the financial community from this condition, the money should be impartially distributed. It should be placed in the hands of men who are sure to use it for the purpose intended."

Senators and Congressmen openly criticize Secretary of the Treasury Gage for his action in designating the National City Bank as the depository of the \$100,000,000 of internal revenue receipts of the Government. Indeed, it seems that a Congressional storm is gathering and is likely to break with great violence over Mr. Gage's head when Congress reassembles next Wednesday. A resolution is to be introduced in the House, and one will also probably come up for consideration in the Senate, demanding an investigation into the action of the Secretary.

To Clean Up Chicago's "Levee."

Chicago, Dec. 28.—Chief of Police Kiple has fixed upon Jan. 1, 1900, as the date on which the "Levee" must be free of disreputable resorts now under police espionage. Chief Kiple announces that all such places north of Sixteenth street are included in the cleansing process. Strong political pressure will be brought to bear to have the Chief's order rescinded, but little hope is expressed that this can be done. Many of the keepers of this class of resorts are now seeking suitable places in more congenial districts.

Stolen Notes Returned.

Knoxville, Tenn., Dec. 28.—Robert McFee, a well-known citizen of this place, was the recipient Wednesday of a remarkable present when an express messenger delivered to him a package containing \$50,000 worth of notes which were stolen from him over two years ago. The notes returned as mysteriously as they were taken away. The package had been sent from Lexington, Ky. Among the papers was a card wishing the recipient a "Happy Christmas."

Mr. McFee declares that he will make no further efforts to discover the identity of the thief.

Strike in France Spreading.

St. Etienne, Dec. 28.—The strikers marched in procession to-day to several of the mines where partial work is proceeding, but dragoons, stationed at the pit-heads, protected the workers, and no disorder occurred. The strike has spread to the mines of Rive de Gier, a town in Loire, twelve and a half miles by rail from this place.

Watkins Post Office Robbed.

Watkins, N. Y., Dec. 28.—The safe in the postoffice here has been blown open by burglars. The office was damaged. The amount of plunder taken by the thieves is not known, but it is understood that the robbery was a profitable one to the perpetrators.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

Rain or snow; clearing Friday.

THE MOLENEUX CASE.

Cornish's Doctor Testifies Against the Prisoner—A New Motive.

New York, Dec. 28.—Harry Cornish was brought forward to the centre of the stage at the Molineux murder trial to-day. After the prosecution's experts had completed their case the State shifted the scene to Cornish's illness, following his tasting some of the poisoned powder. Dr. Wendell Phillips, his physician, was the witness chosen to set forth these details vividly.

It was the beginning of another great act of the poison drama. The experts' case is practically closed. The last link of their chain has been welded.

The play of human passions, envy and hatred are the motives of this new act. Molineux's animosity toward Cornish, as claimed by the prosecution, how late made the two men—no different in nature as to aversal, antipathy at first—active rivals, and the subject of much testimony. A motive for Cornish's death hitherto not suspected, it is reported, will be the climax of the new act.

Though forty-three days have passed since Roland B. Molineux was called to the bar to answer to the charge of murder and the end of his trial is not yet in sight, the testimony of handwriting experts has about reached its limit and if any more experts are called by the prosecution their time on the stand will be limited. Assistant District Attorney Osborne had intended to call at least half a dozen experts before Daniel T. Ames, the fourth to testify, but Recorder Coffey's determination that the trial should not be allowed to drag along until spring has caused a change in his plans.

From now on every effort will be made by the court to expedite the proceedings, and dissertations on handwriting, lasting for days are a thing of the past. If the Recorder can help it, there will be no more fights on the part of the spectators and jurors to keep awake, while curves and slants and loops are being explained by the witnesses.

LEAPED TO DEATH.

How a Frightened Boy Lost His Life at a Fire.

Brooklyn, Dec. 28.—Death by jumping from a fourth story window to escape flames was the fate of Henry Oppenheimer, Jr., nineteen years old. He had time to flee in safety but became panic stricken, and although his father pleaded with him and sought to restrain him by force, he took the fatal leap.

The Oppenheimers lived in the fourth story apartment house at No. 379 Franklin avenue, Brooklyn. The fire was discovered at three o'clock this morning, when Policeman McDermott, who was on blocks away, saw flames shooting from the roof.

Mrs. Emma Lake and J. Wilson and family, who occupied the first and second floors, got out without any trouble. The Oppenheimers had not started, however, when the firemen arrived.

The family consisted of Henry Oppenheimer, his wife and their six children, ranging from twenty-two to fourteen years old.

All were helped out by the firemen except Oppenheimer and his son, Henry, Jr. They were following the rest down the stairs, the father carrying under his arm a tin box containing the family treasure. The boy, however, was daunted by the rush of smoke in the halls and the glare which lighted the path to safety, and turning, ran back to the fourth floor. The elder Oppenheimer sprang after him, but the young man rushed into the front room of their apartments and locked the door after him.

"We can't get out!" he shouted. "I'm going to jump!"

Oppenheimer pleaded with the boy to open the door, but he refused. The man had a key on his ring, but was too excited to use it, and finally knocked out a panel with his fist. He seized the young man by the shoulder and held him for a minute, but his strength gave out and Henry broke away, and Oppenheimer saw him leap on the window sill.

The crowd in the street below saw the figure swaying on the sill and begged him not to jump. The Oppenheimers recognized the figure and added their cries to the noise.

Oppenheimer ran down stairs and reached the street just in time to see his son's body strike the pavement. The boy was dead when picked up.

McCoy-Maher.

Both Men to the Big Fight Have a Number of Admirers.

New York, Dec. 28.—The battle between Peter Maher and Kid McCoy, which is to be decided at the Coney Island Sporting Club on New Year's afternoon, promises to be one of the biggest betting events that has taken place in pugilism in some time.

Both fighters have hundreds and in fact thousands of supporters both in this vicinity and all over the country. Maher, true enough, is a terrific puncher, and generally drops his opponent whenever he lands, but until the Irishman is successful in getting in these blows McCoy will be very much in the light.

McCoy without a doubt is one of the cleverest boxers that ever stepped into a ring, and besides being gifted with great science is also a hard puncher with both hands and a perfect ring general. He knows what sort of a fighter his opponent is, and he also realizes that Maher is a terrific hitter he will be very careful not to allow Peter to land on him.

McCoy's tactics in this fight will in all probability be the same that he used during his contest with Tom Sharkey, that of using his left-hand jab on Maher's face and then springing away. McCoy's jab is very effective, however, and if he lands a few of them on his opponent Peter may imagine he is being jabbed with a battering ram.

HADLEY'S VIEW OF TRUSTS

Vale's President Before the Economic Association.

BUSINESS COMBINATIONS

Administration of the Affairs of Weak Nations—How the American People and the Modern Civilized World Will Solve the Problems That are to be Presented.

Ithaca, Dec. 28.—At the meeting of the American Economic Association here Wednesday, Arthur T. Hadley, president of Yale University, delivered an address on "Modern Political Economy." He said:

"Modern political economy contains two distinct parts—often inextricably intermingled in fact, yet always separate in principle—a theory of distribution and a theory of prosperity. The theory of distribution shows how the public wealth is divided among the different members of the community. It shows what are the effects of a system of laws or a group of commercial conditions on the relative well-being of the different classes concerned. It tries to increase the material comfort of some individuals and diminish that of others. The theory of prosperity, on the other hand, is concerned primarily with the good or evil of the nation as a whole. It deals with aggregate results rather than with individual ones, and concerns itself with the separate parts only as they must be studied in order to understand that aggregate effect."

"As far as a man's political economy takes the form of a theory of distribution, it is not sure to be very closely connected with his ethical principles, or even with his political ones. In framing such a theory he is occupied with tracing consequences from observed facts. His political antecedents or his ethical prepossessions may lead him to observe some facts more closely than others. But these variations, as far as they exist, are errors, even from the man's own standpoint—errors which he is interested in correcting as soon as they can be brought clearly home to him. Nor do his theories of distribution modify his ethics much more than his ethics modify his theories of distribution; except, perhaps, so far as the habitual assumption of a set of facts and laws leads to the habitual assumption of the rightness of those laws, morally as well as intellectually."

"Because the political and commercial methods of the past have led to compromise rather than conviction, or because the successful man of affairs must be made to compromise where he fails to convince, let us not say that all politics and all commerce is but a tissue of compromises, and that a political or commercial science which pretends to be something broader and better than this is an illusion. Let us as economists take the opportunity that lies before us in the face of new conditions for whose treatment the old methods are proving themselves inadequate. Let us employ our understanding with regard to public needs as a means of seeking public spirit, and as we use whatever special knowledge we have with all the breadth of purpose which it is in our power to attain, and make ourselves, as becomes men of science, representatives of nothing less than the whole truth."

How Major Logan Fell.

Washington, Dec. 28.—Mail advice has reached the war department in regard to the defeat, in which engagement Major John A. Logan, Jr., lost his life.

According to the correspondent of the Manila American, the Thirty-third Infantry, under Col. Hare, encountered a force of the enemy between San Fabian and San Jacinto, and brought on one of the sharpest engagements of the war. The Americans lost a sharpshooter and six men wounded. The officer killed was Major John A. Logan, Jr., who was shot through the head during the first few minutes of the engagement while at the head of his battalion, which formed an advance guard. He was in the act of assisting a wounded soldier and was hit by Mauser bullet, fired by a sharpshooter concealed in the top of a coconut tree. He died a few hours later.

Blizzard in Alaska.

Port Townsend, Wash., Dec. 28.—Advice from the north by the steamship Rosalie says that a blizzard was sweeping over Alaska in the vicinity of Skagway Dec. 22, when the steamship sailed. The thermometer was hovering around zero and a forty-on-the-gale prevailed. A train from Bennett with a large number of Yukon miners aboard, was snowed in, and a relief train has been sent from Skagway.

J. R. Howard, who left Dawson Dec. 5, reports the trail in bad condition, making the travel slow, while Mail-Carrier Clark, who is making his twenty-third trip from Dawson, says that the ice is the worst in his experience.

THE HERALD.
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Monday excepted.
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FOR PORTSMOUTH
AND
PORTSMOUTH'S INTERESTS.
You want local news? Read the
Herald. More local news than all other
local dailies combined. Try it.

FRIDAY, DEC. 29, 1899.
Aginaldo is hard pushed. He has
dropped his gold whistle into the bush.

The weather has taken on so many
improvements lately that a plan is be-
ing made to reorganize the weather in
reality.

It is good to learn that the new novel
which has already reached a sale of
our hundred thousand copies wasn't
written by Laura Jean Libbey.

The New York Herald complains be-
cause the city ash carts go about Man-
hattan uncovered. That's nothing—
they do here in Portsmouth, too.

The south contributes to the general
inequality of affairs by getting up a race
riot. The program is to kill off at least
a dozen negroes and one or two whites
very day.

Peter Maher's little girl died a day or
two ago, but it cut no ice with him.
He went right on with his training for
he fight with McCoy, and all the sports
ppland him for it.

It is prophesied that war will break
out between Russia and Japan next
spring, and those two nations will now
decease make their preparations in good
haste, so the argument shall be inter-
esting.

George W. Butterfield of the little
own of Bedford knew that his relatives
could have a scrap anyway over his
state of twelve thousand dollars, so he
set three wills just to make it all the
more interesting for them.

After Negroes and Fanny shall have
been finally pacified, the attention of
the American soldiers will have to be
turned to those of the Mason and Atkin-
son stamp who have egged the Philippi-
nos on and added to the slaughter of
our soldiers.

Col. Lockett, who succeeded General
Lawton in command, has administered
sound thrashing at Montalban, to the
narragans who were engaged at San
Isidro, where Lawton was killed, and
is now in order for the Manchester
Union to announce that the American
arms have suffered another reverse.

People who think we have a pretty
hard job on our hands to take care of
the destitute in Puerto Rico should con-
trast it with the demand made upon
England to relieve the destitution of
more than two millions of natives in
India. The white man's burden is a
mountain compared to lugging a hog
eight hours a day.

Thirty five thousand miners in the
mountainous districts of Pennsylvania
want an increase of thirty per cent in
their wages. Considering the perils
under which they labor every day and
the enormous profits that the mining
corporations make every year, the con-
clusion naturally is that the men ought
to be given the extra money.

In times past, notably when Dr.
Moore precipitated such a general finan-
cial crash, the Boston newspapers have
found a lot of fun in taunting New
Hampshire about the rickety standing
of her banking institutions. Now it is
turn about, with a vengeance. Brokers,
banks and all business houses are crum-
bling on every side in the city of beans,
and a shaky feeling pervades commer-
cial circles there.

"I had a running, itching sore on my
leg. Suffered tortures. Doan's Oint-
ment took away the burning and itching
instantly, and quickly effected perma-
nent cure." C. W. Leubart, Bowling
Green, O.

KILLED A SHERIFF.
Monticello, Fla., Dec. 28.—Will
Gorman, a negro, shot and killed Sheriff
Filkins at the Scurry place, six miles
north of here. The sheriff, with a
posse, had gone there to arrest Gorman
for murder. They closed in around
the cabin where he was hiding and
the sheriff pushed in the front door
only to receive two shots in the breast
from a gun held by Gorman. Gorman
escaped through the rear door, but
was shot and killed.

MOLINEUX TRIAL.
New York, Dec. 28.—Intense interest
is attached to the Molineux trial by
the coming to the witness stand of
Harry S. Cornish, to whom the poison
was sent that killed Mrs. Adams. Cor-
nish took the stand late this afternoon.
Just as his testimony began to be in-
teresting the recorder declared an ad-
journment. It is expected that Cor-
nish's testimony will take up two or
three days.

SYMPATHY FOR BOERS.
Boston, Dec. 28.—The Boston com-
mon council wound up its business for
1899 tonight. Among the items was a
resolution of sympathy for the Boers,
which was put through only after a
heated debate, as opposition developed.
The democrats voted in favor of the
resolution, while the republicans op-
posed it.

CLEVELAND MUCH BETTER.
PRINCETON, N. J., Dec. 28.—Former
President Grover Cleveland, who has
been restricted to his bed for the past
three days, is much improved. The at-
tending physician reports that he is
able to move about the house and will
be completely recovered in a few days.

GALE IN IRELAND.
QUEENSTOWN, IRELAND, Dec. 28.—
There is no abatement in the gale that
has been raging for hours. The
Dominion liner New England, from
Boston to Liverpool, was unable to
land her mail. Several barges have
foundered in Queenstown harbor.

CUT HIS THROAT.
BLACKSTONE, MASS., Dec. 28.—Dared
by his younger brother to cut his
throat, Patrick Murphy cut a deep gash
in his throat here today, while intoxi-
cated. The prompt summons of physi-
cians saved him from immediate death.
He may recover.

STORMS IN IRELAND.
LONDON, Dec. 28.—Severe gales, rain
and snow storms are reported in the
mountains of Ireland. At Menaghi,
a landslide, followed by a great rush of
water, carried away a farm house and
killed all the inmates.

NO POISONING.
MANCHESTER, Dec. 28.—The coroner's
jury in the case of Wilbur F. Marshall,
who died under suspicious circum-
stances, will report tomorrow that there
are no indications of poisoning, but that
he died of meningitis, brought on by
natural causes.

SUMMONED TO CONCORD.
WASHINGTON, Dec. 28.—Senator
Chandler left for Concord, N. H., today,
on a summons to appear before the
grand jury in the case against his col-
league, Senator Gallinger, for alleged
violation of the civil service laws.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.
WASHINGTON, Dec. 28.—Forecast for
New England: Continued fair and
colder Friday and Saturday and proba-
bly Sunday, light to fresh northerly
winds.

GLORIOUS NEWS.
Comes from Dr. D. B. Cargile of
Washita, I. T. He writes: "Four bot-
tles of Electric Bitters have cured Mrs.
Brewer of scrofula, which had caused
her great suffering for years. Terrible
sores would break out on her head and
face, and the best doctors could give
no help; but her cure is complete and
her health is excellent." This shows
what thousands have proved,—that
Electric Bitters is the best blood puri-
fier known. It's the supreme remedy
for eczema, tetter, salt rheum, ulcers,
boils and running sores. It stimulates
liver, kidneys and bowels, expels poi-
sons, helps digestion, builds up the
strength. Only 50 cents. Sold by
Globe Grocery Co. Guaranteed.

Literary by Heredity.
"I don't see," said Mr. Mulberry,
"why you women have that Mrs. Wat-
kins in your literary club. The rest
of you are bright enough, but she's
dull as dull as can be." "It's this
way," answered Mrs. Mulberry: "Mrs.
Watkins' great-grandmother's half-
sister's second cousin by marriage
could trace her descent from Chaucer.
So you see, after all, with such literary
claims, we couldn't well leave
Mrs. Watkins out."—Harper's Bazar.

HOUSE OF BORROW.
The Traveler Couldn't Expect Very
Effusive Courtesy.
The Colonel halted his horse in front
of a Dakota dugout and uttered a vig-
orous "Hello!" and after a minute a
tired-looking girl of about 16 years of
age showed up and looked him over
and said:
"Now then, what ye whoopin' fur and
who be ye?"
"Can I get anything to eat here?"
"Not a thing."
"And water for my horse?"
"The spring's gone dry."
"How far is it to the river?"
"Junno."
"Please ask your father to step out."
"Pop's bin on a drink for a week."
"And your mother?"
"She's got the toothache. That's her
cryin'."
"Haven't you got a brother?"
"Yep, but he got snake-bit yesterday
and don't feel well."
"Well, what about you?" persisted
the Colonel. "You seem to be all right."
"Oh, but I ain't," she replied, as she
made ready to disappear. "I was to get
married yesterday, but my fellow got
shot by an Injun, and it'll take two
weeks to ketch on to another. This
ar' a house of sorrow, sir, and you will
please to ride on and not ask any more
fool questions."—N. Y. Sun.

Rejected His Suit.
"Come, my dearest, come, my dar-
ling."
"Turn not from my suit away."

Has a Past That Clings.
"Bob," Palmer, the comedian, had
been originally a hutsucker, a fact
pretty generally known among his col-
leagues of the stage. One evening, when
dressed for the character of Sir Bril-
liant Fashion, he strutted into the
greenroom with the buckles sparkling
on his shoes and a fine diamond on his
fingers. A brother actor inquired if his
gems were real. "To be sure they are,"
I wear nothing but diamonds," was the
reply, whereupon Lampster re-
marked: "I congratulate you, Bob, for
I remember when you were nothing but
paste." Palmer did not take the joke
with becoming good humor, and an an-
gry altercation ensued, which was en-
tirely broken when Mrs. Jordan cried out:
"Why don't you stick him against the wall,
Bob? Stick him against the wall!"
—Argonaut.

Then He Quit.
Dr. Emily Blackwell, one of the pio-
neers of her sex in medicine, heard a
young physician deliver a fierce dis-
turbance against opening the doors of
the profession to women. When he ceased
she asked: "Will you please tell me
one reason why they should not practice
medicine?" "Certainly, madam,"
they haven't the muscle, the brawn,
the physical strength." "I see, sir. Your
conception of a sick-room is a slaugh-
ter-house; mine is not."—Argonaut.

Experience vs. Arithmetic.
Teacher—Johnny may stand up to re-
cite. Now, Johnny, suppose I borrow
\$50 from your father and agree to pay
\$5 a week, how long will it be before
he gets his money?
Johnny—Just one week.
Teacher—Oh, think again, that's not
right.
Johnny—Yes, it is. I know my fa-
ther. He'd have you up in the Courts
by that time.—New York World.

Its Field.
"I have an invention which will re-
volutionize the world," said the boaster.
"There ought to be a great demand for
something like that in Central and
South America," replied the matter-
of-fact man.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Tele-
graph.

Historical Item.
Tommy—"Paw, who was it said the
voice of the people is the voice of
God?"
Figg—"I've forgotten now, but
I'll bet he didn't say it just after get-
ting defeated at the polls."—Indian-
apolis Journal.

Safe From Drowning.
Winter Visitor (in Florida)—"I should
love dearly to go sailing, but it looks
dangerous. Do not people often get
drowned in this bay?"
Waterman—"No, indeed, mum. The
sharks never lets anybody drown."—
New York Weekly.

Price of Affection.
The Mother—"I am sure you would
learn to love my children."
Nurse—"What wages do you pay?"
The Mother—"Eighteen pounds a
year."
Nurse—"I am afraid, ma'am, I could
only be affectionate with them at that
price."—Glasgow Evening Citizen.

New Version.
It has been said that speech was
given man to conceal his thoughts.
This is not the true answer. Speech
was given to man to prevent other
people from talking.—Boston Tran-
script.

Good Medical Advice.
Graduate—"Now that I have my
medical diploma, Professor, where
would you advise me to practice for
wealth?"
Professor—"In any first-class health
resort."—Detroit Free Press.

Russia's Resources.
The Ciennitz Tageblatt recently
published an article on the wealth of
Russia, from which we take the fol-
lowing figures:
Its 8,644,100 square miles of terri-
tory extend over one-eighth of the
earth's surface—only 3,000,000 of less
than the entire British Empire. Its
waters cover 233,018 square miles.
It has fifteen souls to every square
mile, or 130,000,000 inhabitants. One-
twelfth of the world's population pays
tribute to the Czar. It has 11,000,000
men able to fight. It can send 1,225,
300 men into the field in a few days,
and 1,000,000 more a few days later.
Its total prepared fighting force is 2,
500,000 men and 497,415 horses. The
government owns 16,651 miles of rail-
road; private parties, 8,000 miles. It
has a fleet consisting of 23 battle
ships, 14 coast defenders, 16 cruisers,
28 cannon boats and 96 torpedo boats.
The marine forces are made up of
1,249 officers, 326 engineers, 38,000
men. Its commercial marine consists of
522 steamers and 2,135 sailing vessels.
The river shipping has a fleet of 20,
000 ships, manned by 90,350 men.
Russia can be practically independ-
ent of the outside world for food,
since the opening up of Siberia's grain
fields. The export of grain last year
was 3,000,000,000 quarters. Famine,
once almost unavoidable, is now limited
to one or two districts. Once the
railroads reach the interior of these,
the danger will disappear. Over the
empire's boundless meadows, steppe
and prairies range in European Russia
alone, 24,609,260 head of cattle, 44,465,
450 sheep, 9,243,000 hogs. It culti-
vates 1,098,507,550 acres of land. The
country is opening mines, draining
marshes, clearing forests, putting land
hitherto held to be of no value under
cultivation. Foreign cotton and corn,
tea and tobacco are being tried. In
its efforts to emancipate itself from
foreign imports, Russia will want
machinery, tools, etc. No nation
is better situated to provide these than
the United States.

New Currency Bill.
The following is given out as the
substance of the financial measure the
Republican caucus committee has
now submitted to Congress for con-
sideration: An amendment to the
coinage laws, making 25¢ grains of
gold 900 parts fine the standard coin
measure. An amendment to the green-
back issue act of 1878 providing
that those treasury notes shall be re-
deemed with gold, and when so re-
deemed shall not be reissued except
in exchange for gold. An amendment
to the specie resumption act, directing
the maintenance of a gold reserve of
not less than \$100,000,000, the main-
tenance of the reserve at that figure
now being entirely discretionary with
the Secretary of the Treasury. An
amendment to the national bank law
authorizing banks to issue notes to
the extent of \$25,000. At present the
minimum is \$50,000. Another
amendment to the same act
authorizing banks to issue notes to
the par value of the bonds they have
on deposit to secure circulation. At
present the limit is 90 per cent. A
third amendment to this act reduces
the taxation on bank circulation to
one-tenth of 1 per cent.

Tiny Combatants.
Moles, clumsy and almost blind, be-
come perfect demon when they quar-
rel. No one knows what they quarrel
about, but when they once start fight-
ing one has to die. They will keep on
in the presence of any number of spec-
tators, hanging on to each other like
bulldozers and burying their enormous
strong teeth in one another's flesh.
Hedgehogs, another type of the
quiet, inoffensive looking animal, not
only fight, but always to the death,
and when one is killed the other gen-
erally devours him. Rabbits, on the
other hand, are proverbially the most
timid of creatures yet a fight between
two rabbits is a ludicrous sight, as
they skip and jump over each other.
But a blow from the hind legs of a
rabbit is no joke to his opponent.

**Among birds, robins are the most
pugnacious. Robins become so franti-
cally set on killing each other that
they allow themselves to be picked
up in the hands of a looker-on without
even stopping to catch their breath.**

Stamped by Machine.
English postal authorities are mak-
ing experiments in an automatic let-
ter mailing device which will do away
with the old style of "stick-with-a-
lick" postage stamp. The new appar-
atus resembles a slot machine, and is
an adaptation of this idea. It can be
placed on the street corners or in the
post-offices. By putting a penny in the
slot, the letter is thrust into a slot,
and presto change! a dry or riband
stamp puts a stamp on the corner of
the letter, when it can be dropped into
the box. The machine cancels the
stamp with the date, time of day, etc.,
all at one operation. There are differ-
ent slots for the different denomina-
tions of stamps. If this machine
proves the success which its inventor
hopes it will do away with the present
multiplicity of stamps and prove an eco-
nomical device for the postage ser-
vice.

Mail in Country Districts.
At the opening of November free
rural mail delivery was in operation
from 383 distributing points, scattered
through forty states. Assistant Post-
master General Heath is enthusiastic
in praise of the system and his hopes
for its future, while Fourth Assistant
Bristow expresses some doubts as to
its practicability. The \$300,000 appro-
priated for experiments is not consid-
ered one efficient for a thoroughly
conclusive test, although everything
seems to point to the ultimate estab-
lishment of rural free delivery as a
fixed part of our postal policy.

Cleaning Paris.
Paris is said to be the cleanest city
in the world. Every morning 2,000
male and 600 female scavengers, di-
vided into 149 brigades, turn out to per-
form the toilet of the capital. The
men work from 4 in the morning till
4 in the afternoon, less two hours off
for meals, or ten hours per day. The
women are engaged in the morning
only.

**More matches are used in England
than in any other country in the
world. It has been estimated that
English people use an average of
eight matches each person per day,
and annually over 1,700,000,000 are
burned.**

Killed by Fear.
"Of the whole number of persons
supposed to die of disease," said the
house surgeon of one of the hospitals,
"at least 60 per cent. are killed by
fear."
In support of his statement he cited
various cases where presentiments,
prophecies, premonitions and general
nervousness all played their part.
Some years ago four criminals, con-
demned in Russia to die, were taken
to a house and shown several beds, in
which they were told, a certain num-
ber of cholera patients had died. In
reality the beds had never been slept
in. They were informed that they
would be set at liberty if they would
sleep several nights in the beds. They
one and all decided to take the
chances. At the end of the time pre-
scribed two were uninjured and went
free, but the other developed all the
symptoms and died of Asiatic cholera.
Two physicians decided to take ad-
vantage of the impressionable mind
of a patient and prove a theory for
the benefit of science. The patient
had complained of an itching on his
back. He was told that a blister
would be applied. Instead, a common
postage stamp was used, and it per-
formed all the offices of the plaster
which was not there.

Pictures.
The hanging and arrangement of
pictures is one of those important
little details which mean so much in
the general effect of a room, and yet,
in too many instances, they are treat-
ed in a most haphazard fashion, and
either hung high close to the frieze or
so low that they almost form the
 dado, says the Wisconsin.
It is impossible to give strict direc-
tions as to their arrangement, as so
much depends upon the room, its size
and position. They should, however,
always be hung at a medium height on
a line with the eye, not too close to-
gether and perfectly straight. Then,
again, oil paintings should not be
placed next to engravings, nor yet
water colors, as the effect of the one
is destroyed by the other. When hung
close together not only do the colors
clash, but the different designs of the
frames produce a discordant impres-
sion. It is hardly necessary to say that
a picture never should be advantage
when placed directly opposite a win-
dow, as the light falls upon it flat and
hard. Small pictures and prints
should be fastened to the wall, not
hung by cord or wire, nor allowed to
tilt forward at an angle. The latter
arrangement throws the frames out of
the line of the wall.

The French Navy.
A new type of armor clad contem-
plated for the French navy will be
over 14,000 tons. The new vessel will
be well protected and will have all her
heavy and medium artillery in tur-
rets. These are the terms in which
the French Minister of Marine has
summed up his construction pro-
gramme: "We cannot augment the
number of vessels to such an extent
as to rival England in numbers; we
must, therefore, at least possess in-
dividual vessels able to meet the
strongest ships of their type possessed
by other nations."

Wise.
The Codger—"Why, Tommie! You
wouldn't hit your little brother, would
you?"
The Kid—"Well, yer don't tink fer a
minute I'd hit me big one, do yer?"
Kansas City Independent.

Financial Estrangement.
"What cold glances Wiggins gives
you, Billy!"
"Yes; he owes me \$5 and I owe him."
\$4 He's mad because I don't pay him."
—Indianapolis Journal.

Wants an Invitation.
Miss Chickie—"Are you going to the
Thanksgiving dinner, Mr. Turkey?"
Mr. Turkey—"I don't know. I haven't
been asked yet."—Baltimore American.

Sore on Everybody.
Muggins—"That fellow looks as
though he were sore on everybody.
What's his name?"
Burgins—Boyle.—Philadelphia Rec-
ord.

Original Sin.
"What is original sin?" "Inventing
a new diversion for Lent that will
pass as a charity."—Brooklyn Life.

GOOD THINGS TO EAT.
What they are depends mostly on the
condition of the eater.
Most anything is good to eat if a man is
properly, healthily hungry.
Every man is properly hungry at more or
less intervals if he is healthy.
Corned beef
and cabbage
leave better to
a healthy, hun-
gry man than
terrapin and
pate de foie
gras to the
faded appetite
of a dyspeptic.
The enjoyment
of eating de-
pends on the
condition of the
stomach, liver,
bowels, and
kidneys. If
these do not
do their work
properly there accumulates in them un-
digested, fermenting, putrid, blood poison-
ing matter. The appetite cannot be healthy
if this is removed. A machine will not
run if it is all clogged up with dirt. The
stomach cannot appropriate food unless it
is clean, and so healthy hunger cannot
come. The stomach cannot be clean if the
liver and bowels do not dispose of the food
passed along to them. If poisonous, effete
matter is allowed to accumulate and con-
gest the liver and bowels more or less of it
will get into the blood, and it is carried all
over the body. Is it any wonder that it makes
you sick?
Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is
designed to correct all disorders of the
digestive and blood-making system and to
drive all impurities out of the blood itself.
It restores lost appetite and vitality,
builds healthy flesh and muscle, changes
sickness to health, misery to happiness.

**John A. Callaway, M.D., No. 218 25th Street,
Columbus, Ga., writes: "I had catarrh for four
years and also liver and kidney trouble. In 1894
I was working at night and I broke out in lumps
all over and was unable to continue my work. My
eyes were swollen and I had pimples and
brown spots on my face. Now these are all
gone, and I believe I am cured. I thank you
for the good advice you gave me before I com-
menced taking your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I had no
appetite at all. Now I am like a child—ready
to eat at any time of the day or night."**

Ill-Tempered Babies.
Inadequate nourishment naturally produces ill-temper-
ment. Guard against fretfulness in children by feeding them
thick and digestible food.

**GAIL BORDEN
EAGLE BRAND**

CONDENSED MILK is a perfect infant food. Take no substitute for the
EAGLE BRAND. SEND FOR BOOK ON "BABIES."
BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO., NEW YORK

PORTSMOUTH'S SECRET AND SOCIAL SOCIETIES.
WHEN AND WHERE THEY MEET.
A Guide for Visitors and Members.

OAK CASTLE, NO. 4, K. G. E.
Meets at Hall, Peirce Block, High St.,
Second and Fourth Wednesdays of
each month.

Officers—Fred Gardner, N. C.; Charles
F. Cole, V. C.; Thomas L. Dundy, H.
P.; E. G. Oldney, V. R.; Charles E.
Oliver, S. H.; Orville E. Hawes, P. C.;
Samuel R. Gardner, M. of R.; Allison
L. Phinney, C. of E.; True W. Priest,
K. of E.

CITY OF PORTSMOUTH COUNCIL, K. OF C.
Meets at K. of C. Hall, High St., First
and Third Tuesdays of each month.

Officers—J. H. Kirvan, G. K.; Geo. S.
Kirvan, V. C.; W. H. McLaughlin, C.;
Dennis McGath, W.; W. T. Morrissey,
F. S.; W. F. Micott, R. S.; Daniel Cas-
ey, T.

OSGOOD LODGE, NO. 45, I. O. O. F.
Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall every Thurs-
day evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Officers—Hortens P. Montgomery, N.
G.; Charles H. Kehoe, V. G.; Howard
Anderson, Sec.; Edwin B. Phine, Treas.;
Albert C. Plummer, Fin. Sec.

The Degree Flag will be displayed when de-
grees are to be conferred. Watch for it.
Brother Odd Fellows not members of the Lodge
are cordially invited to attend the Lodge meet-
ings and are assured a cordial greeting.

BESOR SENATE, NO. 602, K. A. E. O.
Meets in Pythian Hall, Second and
Fourth Fridays in each month.

Officers—Excellent Senator, E. H.
Voudy; Sr. Seneschal, Andrew O. Cas-
well; Jr. Seneschal, Joseph C. Petti-
grew; Sacerdos, E. W. Voudy; Sr. Vig-
ilante, John L. Forbes; Jr. Vigilante,
Chas. H. Magraw; Rec. Sec., James E.
Harold; Fin. Sec., Andrew O. Caswell;
Treas., N. W. Voudy; Warder, W. P.
Jardner; Trustees, F. C. Langley, Fred
Wood, Oren Bragdon.

**Old Furniture
Made New.**

Why don't you send some
of your badly worn uphol-
stered furniture to Robert H.
Hall and have it re-uphol-
stered? It will cost but little.

Manufacturer of All Kinds of Cushions
And Coverings.

R. H. HALL
Harover Street, Near Market.

STANDARD BRAND.

Newark cement.
400 Barrels of the above Cement Just
Landed.

THIS COMPANY'S CEMENT
Has been on the market for the past fifty
years. It has been used on the
Principal Government and Other

Public Works,
and he received the commendation of Engi-
neers, Architects and Consumers generally.
Persons wanting cement should not be
deceived. Obtain the best.

FOR SALE BY:
JOHN H. BROUGHTON

Buy Now!

HAVE JUST RECEIVED A NEW LOT OF
Buggies of all descriptions, Milk Wag-
ons, Steam Laundry Wagons, Stove
Wagons and Stanhope Carriages.

Also a large line of New and Second-Hand
Harnesses, Single and Double, Heavy
and Light, and I will sell them
at Very Low Prices.

Just drop around and look them, if you
do not want to buy.

THOMAS McCUE,
Stone Stable - Fleet Street

WANTED—People to notice that I place
Wind Mills, Tanks and Pumps at short
notice. Piping and driving wells a specialty.
Address George W. Brackett, Greenhead, N. H.

**CEMETERY LOTS CARED FOR
AND TURFING DONE.**
WITH increased facilities the subscriber is
able to prepare to take charge and keep
in order such lots in any of the cemeteries of
the city as may be intrusted to his care. He will
also give careful attention to the turling and
grading of lots, also to the cleaning of monu-
ments and headstones, and the removal of bodies
in addition to work at the cemetery he will do
turfing and grading in the city at short
notice.
Cemetery lots for sale, also Loans and Turf.
Orders left at his residence, corner of Rich-
ard Avenue and South Street, or by mail, or left
with Oliver W. Ham (successor to E. B. Fletcher)
60 Market Street, will receive prompt attention.
No. J. GRIFFIN

UP IN THE PALM

IF ITS TRUTHS AND HOW TO FIND THEM.

Lines, Dents, Curves and is in the Hand Show—Mark's Fortend Serious Results—How May Be Averted.

are all sorts of palmists. the of doctors, and the art is cap- just as much quackery. Too professional palmists mix a th with a good deal of specu- please their patrons and get for the ordinary person al- der want to know a "little and the person who will give n is always a bit more attrac- time being). But palm- a real thing, there's no doubt at it and the more it is studied, conclusions verified, the more wonderful it proves itself to

is an art that any one can am. Many a woman in our to hasn't the usual talents to use a company, has been asked hands" at church and other aments. I know one such who is in constant demand in city and neighboring places as never advertised herself in and is very modest concern- remarkable ability so have been attributed to her. I must I was a skeptic myself until contact disclosed a woman ly did remarkable things.— the lines just as they were and yet was so tactfully as to learn that they had expressed h. No inducement can make eralize or go "beyond the Quite a successful New York ant and palmist said to her, short consultation, "Madam, I never succeed in New York, to honest. There is no need ito so honest, and besides, if a little more it would please not be much out of the but our palmist looks with the wonderful lines, and with simplicity feels that she is ble to God for being as hon- accurate as possible; feels more she strives for her ideal, or she will be to God, and the will act and speak as neer to do. Chances of every ation, associations of clubs like, to say nothing of private als, from a New York million- prominent business man down the humble classes (as far rial prosperity goes) have all r patrons.

it hand lines show character- igh which you were born, on the right hand are your ally lines, and also show you have made better or herited qualities. The hand l almost always vary more or every hand. The vital line or of life, is long and encircles nt of Venus, which gives long e from illness; if the line of crossed it prominently, it would eable death; if the age indi- the crossing. Age is counted ne of life. Many little lines the life line denote many ill- r troubles. Other things are when separate lines rise or n it. It is a sign of a very onstitution to be without the line, but few are. It should on the bracelet from the fo and go on toward the mount ury. If it joins the line of shows tendency to brain at am overwork or over-excite. A cross on the line shows on the date of which must be for on the line of life. The he line of heart the more ideal. Branches rising and falling e line of heart show the in of other people on the affec- or otherwise, so is the love ul and returned, or disappoint- unhappy. When a branch cuts the heart line and descends it, it is a sign of disappoint- No branches mean a loveless fas as the opposite sex is con- Dots and dents on the heart rays show troubles, physical al. A hand without any heart was hard-heartedness and cruel- the line of head is sepa- om the line of life, it means affidence and rash impulsiv- hen the lines are joined as far middle, great timidity. When a line is long and sloping, it imagination, artistic feeling, and but little judgment. If n excess, it will bring folly and t. If straight it means com- se, care and economy. If the vances only to the middle, it want of spirit and balance. e fate shows worldly success e and the general course of f the line rises from the life it is good and common. If e middle of the hand, a life of but of hope and energy; he bracelet to the mount of great success. Of course, s a great deal more to say hese lines and many others ured and their influences over the. Stars, so-called, triangles also have their meanings, and their form also have very meanings in regard to char- acteristics. fact should be emphasized in ion with palmistry. The that portentous results that those results will be y take place unless the mode a hitherto been predicted sly changed. And whether k of health is due to brain, r other organ is expressed by e. A correct reading of the es, therefore, need in no case epression, or hopelessness, but, contrary, an ambition to push warnings expressed, and thus up" on unfavorable lines.— Farm and Home.

Arbitration Documents.

five tons of documents pro- by England in the Venezuelan ion cases have been removed ally. They require two large vans to take them away.

Value of Bald Heads.

a remarkable fact that few bald er die of consumption.

Weather Lore.

Weather lore is a fascinating field for observation, and much as its accuracy may be called in question by more pretensions students of meteorology it can, on many occasions, be depended upon with certainty. Curious phenomena in the air and peculiarities of animal life have been known to indicate a change in the weather. The proverb Dr. Jennings an earnest believer in rural weather lore, embodies its leading points in the following lines, but if there is no more truth than there is poetry in them they are not worth much. The hollow winds begin to blow; The clouds look black, the glass is low; The soft falls down; the spaniels sleep; And spiders from their cobwebs peep. Last night the sun went pale to bed, The moon in halo hides her head; The anxious shepherd heaves a sigh, For, see, a rainbow spans the sky. The walls are damp, the ditches swell; Closed is the pine-eyed pimpernel; Hark! how the chairs and tables crack. Old Betsy's joints are on the rack; Loud quack the ducks, the peafowls cry. The distant hills are looking nigh. How restless are the snorting swine! The busy flies disturb the kine. Look on the grass the swallow sings The cricket, too, how shrill he sings; Puss, on the hearth, with velvet paws, Sits, wiping o'er her whiskered jaws. Through the clear stream the fishes rise And nimbly catch the uncautious flies; The glow-worms, numerous and bright, Illumed the dewy dell last night. At dusk the squalid toad was seen Hopping and crawling o'er the green. The whirling dust the wind obeys And in a rapid eddy plays. The frog has changed his yellow vest— He now in russet coat is dressed; Look out! the air is cold and still; The blackbird's mellow voice is shrill. Thy dog, so altered in his taste, Quits mutton bones, on grass to feast. And see yon crows, how odd their flight; They imitate the gliding kite And seem precipitate to fall. As if they felt the passing ball— 'Twill surely rain.

Substitute for Rubber.

A discovery which promises to possess more than a little industrious value is reported from London. Walter F. Reid told the Society of Chemical Industry the other day that another substitute for rubber had been found. It was composed of half-dried linseed or castor oil, which has been treated with nitric acid and then mixed with a preparation closely akin to gun cotton, known as nitro-cellulose. The cellulose should be only slightly nitrated, and ought to be wet when mixed with the oil. Two parts of the latter are used to one of the cellulose. After being thoroughly mixed the compound is carefully pressed into sheets. In most of the liquids used to dissolve oil. The cost of this preparation is said to be about one-fourth as great as that of pure Para gum.

Mr. Reid declares that the new substitute was almost as serviceable as rubber for bicycle tires, machine belting, waterproof blankets for soldiers and mon. garden hose and tubing to convey oil or gas.

Swallowed a Watch.

Baby Alma Tout, of 225 North avenue, Brooklyn, was so delighted with a toy watch which would tick when wound up that she promptly and appreciatively swallowed it, and later cried when she wanted it back. "Tick-tock in Alma tumtum," was the way in which she announced the loss to her mother, who did not at first understand what was meant. When the full significance dawned upon her the family doctor was hastily called in, but it was decided that the child had merely lost the watch, as she did not seem to be suffering. Two days afterward, however, an X-ray picture was taken to settle all doubts, and the watch was plainly seen lying at the bottom of the stomach.

An operation will probably have to be performed to remove the watch, and the surgeons say that as the little one is remarkably healthy, there will be but very little danger attending it.

The Indian Service.

Among the items of expense in the running of our government a very considerable sum is required for the Indian service. The system by which our wards are cared for is not exceedingly elaborate, and yet it is necessarily costly. The appropriations to this service for the current fiscal year beginning July 1, 1899, are \$7,678,863, a reduction of \$558,812 from the year preceding. Quite an item of expense in connection with the care of the Indians is for educational interests. No less than 30,522 Indian boys have been in the provided schools in the past year.

Girls as Farmers.

Fifty girls have taken up the study of scientific farming at the Minneapolis College of Agriculture, and if the innovation shall prove successful it will naturally spread to other agricultural states. Heretofore one great drawback to farming has been the difficulty of keeping the boys upon the farm. With trained an educated girls taking up the profession, the old weary farming would take on a new charm, and the rush of farmers' sons to the cities would be checked if not entirely done away with.

Skinned.

In Easton, Penn., the cost of electric lighting of 2,000 candle power per lamp per year is \$49.50. In Troy, N. Y., the cost per lamp per year is \$142.35. By deducting the Easton price from the Troy price it is possible to ascertain the capacity of the American citizen for skinning and his fellow man for being skinned.

Age Affects Feet.

A London physician declares that a person in robust health walks with his toes pointed to the front, while one with his health on the wane gradually turns his toes to the side and a bend is perceptible in the knees.

KING OF MEXICAN GAMBLERS.

Don Felipe Martel pays \$1,000 a day License, But Has Made Millions.


When, a few years since, the Mexican government sought to abolish gambling throughout the land, the measure was vigorously opposed, not only by the profession itself, but by many of the richest and most influential citizens of the republic as well, the latter element declaring that in the event of their being prohibited from their beloved and inherent pastime they would remove to some domain where their rights and predilections would be respected. The authorities, however, determined not to be outdone, yet not wishing to disregard outright the demands of the sporting fraternity, conceived the idea of fixing a license, the exorbitance of which would be productive of the same results as would prohibition. A law was therefore established requiring every gambling resort to pay a daily license of \$1,000. The result was that on the same day the ordinance was announced the gambling houses throughout the country promptly closed their doors—all but one. Don Felipe Martel had calmly waited until the last of his contemporaries had gone to the wall, whereupon he presented himself at the Tax Collector's office in the City of Mexico and, depositing \$1,000 in cash, modestly requested a license. The amazed officials could scarcely believe their senses, but the coveted document was nevertheless forthcoming, and by midnight it had been worked all over the city that Martel's establishment on the Calle de Gante would be open that evening as usual for business.

The effect of this display of nerve acted as magic upon those who had opposed the reformatory measure. That night Martel's place was thronged with the wealthiest sporting element in the city, and the profits of the establishment ran far into the thousands. The following day others, stimulated by the success of the bold venture, took out their license and endeavored to resume, but to no avail. Martel had won the patronage and support of the players at a stroke and was quickly left in sole possession of the field. As time went by his phenomenal success continued, and one after another he established branches in various portions of the city, for each of which he pays an additional thousand dollars license.

When, eventually, it became apparent to the city administration that Martel was there to stay, and possibly not un mindful of the immense revenue he was paying into the municipal treasury, the authorities became reconciled. They even added to his prestige by appointing a deputy inspector for each of his establishments, whose duty is to see that no unfair methods are resorted to by either the management or players. Up to the present period Felipe Martel has acquired a fortune of over \$2,000,000, and the average daily expense of conducting his establishments is the incredible sum of \$40,000. —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Tropical Ceremony.

One of the most striking forms of semi-immolation practiced by fanatics in India is known as hook swinging, and is described by a recently returned



(Hook-swinging ceremony in India.)

missionary as a wonderful feat of endurance. The devotees have iron hooks inserted into the fleshy part of their backs, and are then swung up in the air before their goddess, at the end of a long pole balanced at the center like an old-fashioned well sweep.

Masher Made a Mistake.

Mrs. Edwards of 513 Washington street, Hoboken, N. J., received a letter a few days ago from a young man asking her to meet him in Washington street and ride on the trolley car to Rutherford. The man was unknown to her and she notified the police, who advised her to meet him.

Mrs. Edwards was at the appointed place on time. So was the man. So were Detectives Nelson and Fenton. As soon as the stranger accosted Mrs. Edwards he was arrested and taken to headquarters.

He said he was Albert Hamilton of Rutherford and that he was employed by the Hoboken Ferry Company.

Hamilton was held in \$300 to await a hearing.

John Petter, of Oakland, Cal., a recently discharged private, was shot and killed recently, at Lincoln, Ill., while with a gang of robbers who were attempting to rob a general store at Boson. As Petter started to enter the watchman in the store shot him in the head. The other members of the gang fled. The coroner's jury exonerated the night watchman from all blame.

Adam Moser, who was convicted of manslaughter in the first degree for the murder of Frank Whittemore, whom he stabbed in the head on the night of May 30 last, committed suicide in his cell at Binghamton, N. Y., the other day. He made a loop of a piece of chain used to hold up his cot and fastened it to the wall.

J. T. Robertson, a young man of Dalsell, who was stabbed by the negro Goolishy, whom he had taken out of jail, is dead. Goolishy is the negro who was taken from his father's home and hanged and shot to death by a mob of white men.

Time's Whirligig.

This story of Sir Thomas Lipton is enough. The fact that he is a knight and three a millionaire, and that it is not wise to look down upon the poor need not be mentioned.

And the poor fellows I met those nights that I slept in City Hall Park. Unfortunately it was I, I would give something to know what became of them afterward—whether God was as good to them afterward as He was to me, and whether they are the better for the lesson of adversity.

"Those days in New York were hard in a way that you can scarcely imagine. Many and many a night did I stand outside the windows of the Fifth avenue, wondering what the rooms inside were like, and whether I would ever have money enough to be able to afford to sleep in one for just a night.

"Yet through all the storm of trouble and sorrow I never lost courage. There was something in my bones that seemed to tell me that I should get there at last. It was a kind of instinct, I suppose, or a touch of the bulldog—goodness only knows.

"I don't know that I ever felt so cut to the heart as in the morning when, nervous and trembling—I'd eaten nothing for nearly two days—I entered the office of a banker—rich then and richer now—in search of a situation. I've never forgotten how he looked up, glared at me over his glasses, growled, 'Turn that fellow out!' and walked away.

"I met that man at a dinner the other night—30 years older, but the same, boys, always the same. That kind of animal never changes, except for hair and wrinkles. He came up smiling, silky, obsequious. I knew him again. He began to stammer a clumsy apology, and his apology was more unendurable than the original affront."

"Yet those days in New York were not without their results," remarked one of the group.

Universal War, Not Peace.

It does not look much like general disarmament. Every great nation on earth is strengthening its fighting power. Information has been received to the effect that the German Emperor has decided upon the presentation to the Reichstag of a naval bill, the passage of which will give the German government a navy more effective than that of France. The programme which the Emperor has approved calls for the construction of eighteen battleships, six armored cruisers and thirty protected cruisers, at an expense of more than \$100,000,000. It is an exact duplicate of that which the Emperor succeeded some time ago in putting through the Reichstag, which will be completed in 1904.

In case of its adoption, ten battleships of about 12,000 tons displacement, three armored cruisers of about 14,000 tons displacement and fifteen protected cruisers of about 4,000 tons displacement will be constructed between 1904—when the existing programme will end—and 1911, and between 1911 and 1918 eight battleships, three armored cruisers and fifteen protected cruisers of the same displacement will be added. The annual expenditure will be about \$7,000,000.

Logging in Maine.

After many discouraging years, with prices low and trade slow, spruce is up again, and once more the light of old-time prosperity shines upon the lumbermen of Maine. This has been a busy and profitable year on the Penobscot and all over the state. Prices have been high, the demand is brisk and when the river freezes there will be a few logs and little lumber left of all the millions of feet that were cut last winter.

Operations in the woods this winter are the largest for many years, the cut being estimated at 180,000,000 to 200,000,000 feet, for the prospects of the lumber trade were never brighter than now. Thousands of men and hundreds of horses have gone from Bangor into the great spruce forests, all at higher wages than have been paid in many years, and the employment agencies are constantly on the lookout for more men.

Banking Figures.

Comptroller of Currency Dawes has just made public a statistical statement in connection with the banks of the United States, which is the first of its kind in this country, and which shows a banking business unparalleled in history. The growth of the business is indicated by the following statistics of deposits: In 1899 banks numbering 7,203 reported 6,708,371 depositors; in 1894, 9,508 banks, 8,992,766 depositors; in June last, 9,732 banks, 11,432,636 depositors. Statistics gathered by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue place the number of depositors at 13,153,374, in 12,804 banks. It allows for 12,804 banks in individual, firm and company accounts, this would probably mean nearly 10,000,000 different persons, or one in eight of our population, having bank accounts. The value of the average account is indicated as about \$571.

Bridge Building.

The opening of the new Victoria bridge at Montreal calls attention to the amazing progress in this important science and art. The old bridge, opened by the Prince of Wales in 1869, was justly regarded as one of the wonders of the world. It weighed 9,000 tons, was 16 feet wide and 13 feet high, and cost \$3,813,000. The new bridge weighs 2,200 tons, is 65 feet wide and 40 feet high and cost \$2,000,000. The new bridge is many times more capacious and more durable, and yet weighs less than one-fourth as much and cost less than one-fourth the money.

A Short Campaign.

The Nashville American joins in the plea for a short campaign. "A long campaign," it truly says, "only upsets the business of the country for a greater length of time and will have little effect upon the final result." But the politicians care little for the business of the country. The political habit is like the alcohol habit or the opium habit. Its victims are never happy except when indulging in their favorite jag. The politicians of both parties, instead of holding late conventions, are preparing to hold them earlier than usual.

A VAST ARMY.

Men Employed in the Minnesota Pine-eries This Winter.

Contracts for the delivery of about 600,000,000 feet of pine logs to mills in this section by railroad have recently been closed. This is in addition to the enormous quantity that will be handled on logging railroads owned by the companies that also do the logging. Of these contracts the Wisconsin divisions of the Northern Pacific Road has closed a total of about 250,000,000 feet, part of which will be delivered at this city and part at Ashland. The Duluth & Iron Range Road will haul 150,000,000 feet to this city, and the other iron range roads about 100,000,000 feet. These contracts are for deliveries during the coming winter, and are an indication of the activity in the pine lumbering section at the head of the lakes. As much more will be handled in the northeastern part of Minnesota and the Ashland, Wis., districts this winter or roads owned by distinctively logging corporations.

In Northern Minnesota alone an army of 15,000 men will attack the standing pine, assisted by thousands of horses and oxen. These men will receive an aggregate monthly wage of about \$400,000, and they will be employed till the spring break-up. Lumbermen look for a continuation of the present era of activity and high prices for a long time. Indeed they expect never to see the low prices for pine of the past few years. The supply is becoming more and more limited year by year, as the forests are entered by such an army of choppers, and the standing pine yet remaining uncult is rapidly becoming the property of manufacturing corporations large enough to hold till they are ready to cut, while the demand is increasing at a rate faster, than the capacity of mills. A very large share of lumber cut in this region, especially in lower grades, goes into boxes and packing cases, and that the price of these grades should have advanced 80 per cent for the past nine months is an indication of how tremendous the demand for boxes has become.

Lumbermen of this district have never before made sales for the succeeding year before late in the winter, or until saving began in the spring. But last week sales were made here of 30,000,000 feet of the lowest grades of the cut to be made after next April at top prices. Several mills sold their entire season's cut of these grades, receiving \$100 for what was worth \$650 last February, \$13 for what then brought \$350, and \$350 for a grade that in past years has been considered worth almost nothing, and that has been figured as about paying the saw bill. Every lumberman who will dispose of his product in advance is being importuned to do so, and 400,000,000 feet of Duluth lumber would be sold in a week to buyers from New York, New England, Eastern Michigan and Chicago. This would be practically all next year's cut for the mills on deep water in this harbor.

Shipments by water to these Eastern points out of Lake Superior will exceed 1,000,000,000 feet, and a single month's forwardings are more than was sent in the year as a whole in 1887. More than 125 ships have been engaged exclusively in the carrying of lumber from this lake to the East this year, and at prices that have paid profits that would buy the ships at last spring's values. Many a ship contracted last spring for the season with an agreement that the lessee might buy a whole summer so late as 1897. More than 125 ships have been engaged exclusively in the carrying of lumber from this lake to the East this year, and at prices that have paid profits that would buy the ships at last spring's values. Many a ship contracted last spring for the season with an agreement that the lessee might buy a whole summer so late as 1897. More than 125 ships have been engaged exclusively in the carrying of lumber from this lake to the East this year, and at prices that have paid profits that would buy the ships at last spring's values. Many a ship contracted last spring for the season with an agreement that the lessee might buy a whole summer so late as 1897.

Timber lands have doubled and trebled in price the past season, and are still advancing, with sales amounting to millions of dollars monthly.—Minneapolis Times.

A Horseless Farmer.

For 30 years William Johnson, a farmer near Kokomo, Ind., has run a farm of six acres and never had a horse on the place. He is known throughout the section as the "horseless farmer." He raises corn, potatoes, cabbage, celery, melons and all kinds of vegetables, all the land being under cultivation. Johnson does all the work himself by hand platters and hand harvesters. Even the marketing is all done by hand. He trudges his crops to town in a wheelbarrow, making an average of three trips a day the year round. In the 30 years Johnson and his wheelbarrow have traveled nearly 900 miles—nearly seven times around the world. When he was kicked by a horse, and since then he has had nothing to do with horses.—N. Y. Tribune.

Killarney Lakes Bring \$225,000.

The large hall of the Ancient concert rooms was crowded at the auction sale of the Muckross estate, which includes the Lakes of Killarney. The bidding started at \$25,000, but the price soon jumped to \$45,000. Then the bidding slackened, but crawled up slowly, by \$500 at a time, till it reached \$50,000. The vendor then bid \$51,000, and the sale was adjourned. Three Dublin soldiers were practically the only bidders. It is announced that private tenders for the estate will now be considered.—Dublin Cor. Chicago Inter.

Policeman's Unique Excuse.

Officer Charles Kemble, of Long Island City, N. Y., was charged with being absent from duty for one hour. He excused himself on the ground that he overslept while in a Turkish bath. "It is a fact," said Police Commissioner Abel, "that Turkish baths are very seductive. The next time you go into one insist upon the attendant's routing you in time, though he perish in the attempt."

The Commissioner, after administering a gentle reprimand to the officer, dismissed the case.

It has been asserted that a captive balloon at Estcourt should easily be able to take signals to the balloon at Lady Smith, helping by day and flashing signals at night.

One Hen One Day One Mill

It costs a mill a day—one cost every ten days—to make a hen a lively layer when eggs are high, with SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER. Calculate the profit. It helps young pullets to laying maturity; cures the plumage disease; makes combs bright red.

Sheridan's CONDITION POWDER

Feed to fowls once daily, in a hot mash, will make all their feed doubly effective and make the flocks grow rapidly. If you can't buy it we send one pack free. See, \$1 a box, 50¢ a can, \$1.50. Sample poultry paper free. I. S. JENKIN & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

THE FRANK JONES BREWING CO. OF PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Have just completed a new system for bottling the

OLD INDIA-PALE ALE

It is bright and sparkling and has a nice creamy taste, and is prescribed by the doctors generally as a sedative for nervous people. There are but few medicines equal to this ale. Many people who are wakeful find that a glass taken at night secures them a continuing and refreshing sleep. It is a tonic for ladies and invalids it has no equal.

Directions:—One small glass full four times a day, before eating and going to bed.

It is a food as well as a medicine. It is bottled by the Newfields Bottling Co. only.

It is nut up in cases of two dozen pints.

For further particulars write to the

Newfields Bottling Co., NEWFIELDS, N. H.

PORTSMOUTH POST OFFICE.

MAILS ARRIVE.

From New York, West and South, 10:00 a. m., 6:30, 8:30, 9:30 p. m.
Boston, 10:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 6:30, 9:40 p. m.
All points East, 9:30 a. m., 1:50, 7:00 p. m.
Portland and way stations, 9:25 a. m., 1:50, 4:50, 7:00 p. m.
Concord and points North, 8:30, 9:30 a. m., 12:20, 4:55, 6:50 p. m.
Manchester and way stations, 8:30, 12:30 p. m., 4:55 p. m.
North Conway and way stations, 9:25 a. m., 1:50, 7:00 p. m.
Bangorville, 8:30, 11:00 a. m., 6:30 p. m.
White Mountains, 7:30, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:30, 6:30 p. m.
Dover, 7:30, 11:00 a. m., 5:30, 6:30, 9:00 p. m.
Newcastle, 9:30 a. m., 1:30 p. m.
Newington, 9:30 a. m.
Kittery and York, 11:00 a. m., 6:00 p. m.
Ellot, 11:00 a. m., 3:00 p. m.
Sundays, 11:00 a. m.

MAILS CLOSE.

For New York, West and South, 7:45, 10:30 a. m., 1:30, 4:55, 6:30 p. m.
Boston and way stations, 10:30 a. m., 1:30, 6:30 p. m.
All points East, 9:30 a. m., 1:50, 7:00 p. m.
Portland and way stations, 9:25 a. m., 1:50, 4:50, 7:00 p. m.
Concord and points North, 8:30, 9:30 a. m., 12:20, 4:55, 6:50 p. m.
Manchester and way stations, 8:30, 12:30 p. m., 4:55 p. m.
North Conway and way stations, 9:25 a. m., 1:50, 7:00 p. m.
Bangorville, 8:30, 11:00 a. m., 6:30 p. m.
White Mountains, 7:30, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:30, 6:30 p. m.
Dover, 7:30, 11:00 a. m., 5:30, 6:30, 9:00 p. m.
Newcastle, 9:30 a. m., 1:30 p. m.
Newington, 9:30 a. m.
Kittery and York, 10:30 a. m., 5:30 p. m.
Ellot, 11:00 a. m., 3:00 p. m.
Sundays, 11:00 p. m.

Registers' mail closes one-half hour earlier than ordinary mail.

OFFICE HOURS: Week-days, 7:30 a. m. to 6:30 p. m. Sundays, 12:00 m. to 1:00 p. m.

JOHN H. BARTLETT, P. M.

Granite State Fire Insurance Company

OF PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Paid-Up Capital, \$500,000

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President, FRANK JONES;
Vice President, JOHN W. SANBORN;
Secretary, ALFRED F. HOWARD;
Asst. Secretary, JOHN W. EMERY;
Treasurer, JUSTIN V. HANSBOM;
Executive Committee, FRANK JONES, JOHN W. SANBORN, CHARLES A. SNOWLAIR, ALBERT WALLACE and E. H. WINCHESTER.

BOSTON & PORTSMOUTH EASTERN DIVISION

Winter Arrangement, Oct. 2, 1899.

Trains Leave Portsmouth

For BOSTON, 3:50, 7:30, 8:15, 10:35, a. m., 3:11, 5:00, 7:30 p. m. Sundays, 8:30, 9:00 a. m., 2:25, 5:00 p. m.

For PORTLAND, 9:55, 10:45 a. m., 2:45, 3:40, 5:30 p. m. Sundays, 12:30 a. m., 8:45, 1 p. m.

For OLD ORCHARD and PORTLAND, 9:55 a. m., 2:45, 5:30 p. m. Sundays, 8:30, a. m.

For NORTH CONWAY, 9:55, a. m., 2:45 p. m.

For SOMERWORTH, 4:50, 9:45, 9:55 a. m., 2:40, 2:45, 5:30 p. m.

For ROCHSTER, 9:55 a. m., 2:40, 2:45, 5:30 p. m.

For DOVER, 4:50, 9:45 a. m., 12:30, 2:40, 5:23, 8:52 p. m. Sundays, 8:00, 10:48 a. m., 8:57 p. m.

For NORTH HAMPTON and HAMPTON, 7:20, 8:15, 10:53 a. m., 6:00 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 a. m., 6:00 p. m.

Trains for Portsmouth.

Leave BOSTON, 1:30, 9:00, 10:10 a. m., 12:30, 3:30, 4:45, 7:00, 7:45 p. m. Sundays, 4:30, 8:30, 9:00 a. m., 6:40, 7:00, p. m.

Leave PORTLAND, 2:00, 9:00 a. m., 12:45, 6:00 p. m. Sundays, 3:00 a. m., 12:45 p. m.

Leave NORTH CONWAY, 7:25, a. m., 4:15 p. m.

Leave ROCHSTER, 7:19, 9:47 a. m., 3:50, 6:25 p. m. Sundays, 7:00 a. m., 4:05, 6:38 p. m.

Leave DOVER, 8:50, 10:24 a. m., 1:40, 4:30, 6:37, 9:30 p. m. Sundays, 7:30 a. m., 9:35 p. m.

Leave HAMPTON, 9:23, 11:53 a. m., 2:13, 4:59, 6:10 p. m. Sundays, 6:30, 10:08 a. m., 8:59 p. m.

Leave NORTH HAMPTON, 9:23, 11:59 a. m., 2:19, 5:08, 6:21 p. m. Sundays, 6:30, 10:13 a. m., 8:16 p. m.

Leave GREENLAND, 9:35 a. m., 12:05, 2:35, 5:11, 6:37 p. m. Sundays, 6:30, 10:15 a. m., 8:30 p. m.

SOUTHERN DIVISION, PORTSMOUTH BRANCH.

Trains leave the following stations for Manchester, Concord and intermediate stations:—

Portsmouth, 8:30 a. m., 12:45, 5:35 p. m.
Greenland Village, 8:38 a. m., 12:54, 5:33 p. m.
Rockingham Junction, 9:07 a. m., 1:07, 5:53 p. m.
Epping, 9:22 a. m., 1:31, 6:08 p. m.
Raymond, 9:32 a. m., 1:32, 6:18 p. m.

Returning leave

Concord, 7:45, 10:35 a. m., 3:30 p. m.
Manchester, 8:30, 11:10 a. m., 4:40 p. m.
Raymond, 9:10, 11:45 a. m., 5:05 p. m.
Epping, 9:22 a. m., 12:00 m., 5:18 p. m.
Rockingham Junction, 9:47 a. m., 12:17, 5:53 p. m.
Greenland Village, 10:01 a. m., 12:30, 6:06 p. m.

Trains connect at Rockingham Junction for Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence and Boston. Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Woodsville, Lancaster; St. Johnsbury, Newport, Vt.; Montreal and the west.

Information given, through tickets sold, and baggage checked to all points at the station.

D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. & T. A.

Portsmouth, Kittery and York Street Railway

WINTER TIME TABLE.

In Effect November 26, 1899.

Until further notice cars will run as follows:

Ferry leaves P. K. & Y. landing, Portsmouth for Kittery, Kittery Port, 8:50, 9:20, 9:50, 10:20, 10:50, 11:20, 11:50 a. m., 12:30, 1:00, 1:30, 2:00, 2:30, 3:00, 3:30, 4:00, 4:30, 5:00, 5:30, 6:00, 6:30, 7:00, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 9:00, 9:30, 10:00 p. m.

For York Corner, York Village, York Harbor and York Beach, 6:50, 8:50, 9:50, 11:50 a. m., 12:50, 2:50, 3:50, 5:50, 6:50, 8:50, 9:50 p. m.

Car leaves York Beach for Portsmouth, 6:45, 8:45, 9:15, 11:15 a. m., 12:45, 2:15, 2:45, 5:15, 6:45, 8:15, 9:45, p. m.

Ferry plies between Portsmouth and Badger's island, making close connection with the electric cars.

Sunday time same as on week days, except that the first boat leaves Ferry Landing, Portsmouth, at 7:30 a. m., and York Beach at 7:30 a. m.

For special and extra cars address W. G. Munroe, Sept.

GOVERNMENT FERRY

TIME TABLE.

Leave Ferry Landing—9:00, 9:30, 10:00, 10:30, 11:00 a. m., 1:30, 2:00, 2:30, 3:00, 3:30, 4:00, 4:30, 5:00, 5:30, 6:00, 6:30, 7:00, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 9:00, 9:30, 10:00, 10:30, 11:00 p. m. (Weekdays and Saturdays) Sundays, 9:00 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 12:30, 12:50 p. m. Mollars, 10:30, 11:00 a. m.

Leave Portsmouth—9:00, 9:30, 10:00, 10:30, 11:00 a. m., 1:30, 2:00, 2:30, 3:00, 3:30, 4:00, 4:30, 5:00, 5:30, 6:00, 6:30, 7:00, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 9:00, 9:30, 10:00, 10:30, 11:00 p. m. (Weekdays and Saturdays) Sundays, 9:00 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 12:30, 12:50 p. m. Mollars, 10:30, 11:00 a. m.

From May until October.

DIMOND'S PILE CURE

Is a SURE CURE for Piles, Hemorrhoids and itching. Price, 50¢ per bottle. Sold direct only. Price, 1.00 in retail packages. Money refunded if not cured. Write for circular. Wm. & Co., Lock Box 509, Buffalo, N. Y.

MARK DOWN SALE

JACKETS!

Come Today While There Is
A Good Assortment.

LEWIS E. STAPLES,
7 Market Street.

A DRUGGIST

Nowadays....

Not only must have a complete knowledge of drugs, but to sell pure drugs he must know their adulterations; he must know just what to look for. We have that knowledge. We sell pure drugs and are careful.

Goodwin E. Philbrick
Franklin Block,
Portsmouth, N. H.

SICKNESS INSURANCE

Combined With
ACCIDENT INSURANCE,
Covering nearly all of the most serious diseases and every possible accident. Particulars at

TOBEY'S
Real Estate Agency,
32 Congress Street,

The scarcity and continued high price of Havana tobacco has had no effect on the quantity of

THE CELEBRATED
7-20-4

10 CENT CIGARS.
They have always maintained their high standard. Strictly hand-made Sumatra wrapper and long Havana filler. For sale by all first-class dealers at wholesale in Portsmouth by
FRED S. WENDELL, J. H. SWEET,
Deer and Market Sts. Bridge St.

R. G. SULLIVAN,
MANUFACTURER,
Manchester, N. H.

Stoddard's Stable

HAS BEEN FITTED OUT WITH NEW CARRIAGES.

You can get the handsomest and most comfortable turn-out in the state at

STODDARD'S.
NEW HACKS, FOR WEDDINGS AND OTHER PARTIES

TELEPHONE 1-2.

SALE AND LIVERY BUSINESS

THE HERALD.

FRIDAY, DEC. 29, 1899.

CITY BRIEFS.

Firemen's ball tonight. About time to swear off. Church suppers are in order. The next holiday is New Year's. Thursday was Holy Innocent's day. Watch night meetings are about due. Only three more days of the old year. Portsmouth has so far escaped a thin ice fatality.

The Cuckoo company went to Portland from here.

People are sharpening up their pencils to keep a diary.

Senator Chandler means to have the Reina Mercedes sent here.

A few pickers caught through the ice have appeared in the markets.

A week of comic opera will be given the patrons of Music hall in April.

Christmas goods and fancy novelties can be bought very cheap about now.

A party of twenty young ladies enjoyed skating on the navy yard Thursday.

Conner, photographer studio, (formerly Nickerson's), No. 1 Congress street.

The local shoe dealers claim that a good snow storm will make their business better.

The old adage holds true that as the days begin to lengthen the cold begins to strengthen.

The "S. G." Londres is made of the choicest stock and is the best ten cent cigar in the market.

Marshal Eastwistle has secured evidence against one or two dealers in cigarettes, so it is said.

The present service of the Portsmouth, Kittery and York road will continue in effect all winter.

The police had a hull on Thursday, but they had done enough on the two days previous to make up for it.

Rubber heels become very popular and John G. Mott is fitting out the local public with an excellent article.

There will be a special sale for Saturday only, at the Globe Grocery Co., of 1000 pounds of lamb at six and a half cents.

Nothing can be learned in Portsmouth of anyone purposing to participate in the rumored Fenian raid into Canada.

The Young Men's Christian association has its annual New Year's reception at the rooms next Monday afternoon and evening.

Work wanted? House to sell? Home to let? Want to hire help? People interested in such affairs look to the Herald's want ads.

President Lovell of the Exeter & Amesbury railroad met Civil Engineer Thompson of the Boston & Maine railroad in this city on Thursday.

The next regular meeting of the Portsmouth Yacht club will be held next Thursday evening when the annual election of officers takes place.

St. Andrew's lodge, No. 56, A. F. & A. M., holds a special meeting this Friday evening and confers the Master Mason's degree upon two candidates.

Those conversant with the make-up of the grand jury at Concord have commented upon the large number of prominent democrats comprising a part of the same.

The Portsmouth bowling team defeated the marines at the local alleys, on Thursday evening, by 152 pins. Can dies were rolled, and quite a crowd saw the game. The score was as follows:

PORTSMOUTH.

Trizzell 222 149 201-571
Mitchell 208 185 166-559
Flynn 185 143 107-436
Monahan 96 149 189-434
Manson 125 147 119-391

Grand total 2391

MARINES.

Keeler 146 170 214-530
Lesage 190 198 229-617
Donnelly 89 142 133-364
Wilson 113 120 96-329
Brennan 138 115 146-399

Grand total 2239

THE APPETITE OF A GOAT.

Is envied by all poor dyspeptics whose Stomach and Liver are out of order. All should know that Dr. King's New Life Pills, the wonderful Stomach and Liver Remedy, gives a splendid appetite, sound digestion and a regular bodily habit that insures perfect health and great energy. Only 25c. at Globe Grocery Co.

It's the little colds that grow into big colds; the big colds that end in consumption and death. Watch the little colds. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

Flatulence is cured by BERTHAM'S PILLS.

NEARLY DROWNED.

Henry Mears the Latest Victim of the Thin Ice at the Mill Pond.

Henry Mears of Thornton street is the latest victim of the series of accidents as a result of attempting to cross the North Mill pond on the thin ice. Mr. Mears started to cross the pond this forenoon and had almost reached the channel when the ice gave way beneath him and he went in up to his neck.

In this condition he struggled for nearly half an hour to break the ice so that he could walk ashore, but was unable to do so. Finally some few of the crowd who had watched the struggles of the man, mustered up courage enough to venture on the ice and with the aid of a board, succeeded in pulling the thoroughly exhausted victim out.

This is the third time that someone has broken through during the past twenty-four hours and a drowning is expected at any time.

LOST HIS HORSE.

"Coachman" For the Dover Push in Demoralization Too.

The young man who drove the hack that conveyed Alexander Wiley, Frank Hodgkins, Emma Johnson and Mrs. Maher from Dover to this city on Tuesday evening had a long hunt for one of his horses on his return from here. He went to Harvey's stable to leave the hack, and thinking that his horse would go to the stable on Pierce street, he let them go on ahead while he was assisting in putting the hack up. When he reached his stable he found only one horse, the other having wandered away. He made a search for the animal, but was unable to locate it until about two hours later, when Officer Sterling discovered it on Broadway and took it to the stable where it belonged.

POLICE COURT.

Mrs. Josephine Anderson Out of Business and Going Out of Town.

The police finished a good job this morning when Mrs. Josephine Anderson appeared before Associate Justice Adams in police court for sentence for keeping a disorderly house.

On Wednesday in court her counsel entered a plea of guilty and the case was continued until today for disposition. The woman, by agreement was given a fine of \$10 and costs taxed at \$6.50, which was suspended on the condition that she leave the city as soon as possible.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. John W. Neal.

News was received here yesterday of the death of Mrs. Neal, widow of John William Neal of Newcastle. Mrs. Neal was about 60, and for the past three years has been an inmate of the state insane asylum at Concord. The body will be brought to Newcastle for interment.

Warren Sherburne Bachelder.

Warren Sherburne Bachelder, one of the best known residents of Little Bear's Head, died at his home there Thursday morning at the age of sixty years and eight months. Mr. Bachelder was a brother of the late Judge Bachelder of this city and is survived by another brother, Albert Bachelder of that town and one sister, Mrs. Frank E. Dearborne of this city. The funeral will be held at the home Saturday afternoon at 1.30 o'clock and will be private.

THE ICE WAS THIN.

A young son of John Flynn ventured on the thin ice at the North mill pond Thursday afternoon and the result was that he went to the bottom of the pond. Several of his young companions hustled to his rescue and in a very short time had the little fellow out in spite of the fact that the ice cracked in good shape all around them. After the boy was pulled out of the cold water he kept on skating although some of his clothing was frozen stiff.

WHIST PARTY.

At the whist party given in Conservatory hall, on Thursday evening, the gentlemen's prize was won by Edward W. Vondy, and Miss May Gardner and Miss Claire George were tied for the ladies' souvenir. Outing of the cards gave Miss George the prize. The whist play was followed by dancing.

STONE CRUSHING STOPPED.

Work at the stone crushing plant of Rienz Ridge at the South end was finished yesterday for the season and since the plant was started up last spring it has crushed nearly 6000 tons. The plant will open again the spring, or may during the summer if business demands it.

AROUND THE CITY.

The irregular hours at which the local police court is held is a source of annoyance and often a great inconvenience to those who are obliged to attend the sessions. It is very seldom that the court is called until half an hour after the scheduled time, ten o'clock, and Wednesday it was nearly a quarter of eleven when the city solicitor was ready to proceed. To many this delay was a waste of time. Often this is the fault of the judge, who, with the enormous amount of business he has, is usually late and those who have business before the court must sit around until he appears. The police are always ready for the court and have to wait with the others.

There has been a settlement between Mr. John Pierce of New York, the contractor for the new dry dock at the navy yard, and the Granite Cutter's union at Rockland, Me. The result will probably be the resumption of the activity that prevailed there a year ago. Among other contracts that Mr. Pierce has under way at the present time is the basement of the government building in Chicago and the extension of the government building in Buffalo, N. Y. It is expected that nearly all the stone for the contracts will be taken out there.

The manner in which the ashes and garbage of the city are collected at the present time is very unsatisfactory to the majority of people and there ought to be some improvement in the department. The service is nearly as bad as it was a few years ago, when barrels and boxes sat on the sidewalks for several weeks before they were removed by the city teams. These articles were almost permanent things and it was then suggested that flower seeds be planted in them to relieve the disgusting character of the "ornaments."

According to the old whim, the weather of the present week forecasts that for the coming six months. If Monday were a sample of what may be expected for January, it will be a warm month, with plenty of sunshine. Tuesday, which ruled February, proved a little colder, but nearly the same kind of a day. Wednesday, the forerunner of March had lamb-like qualities and no storms were visible. Thursday had nothing that suggested April showers and the sun was clear all day. The birds of May ought to spring forth with such sunshine as today, which even warmed up the frosty air. The old saw includes the first twelve days after Christmas, which it says controls the weather for the entire year. Mark the prognostication for 1900.

Would such a silly remark by some wag, as "The savings banks closed their doors at 3 o'clock this afternoon," cause a run on any of our institutions, as such a joke in Portland did, resulting in the withdrawal of nearly \$50,000 from one of the savings banks there? All of the Portsmouth banks close their doors at 3 o'clock every afternoon, except Saturday when there is no business after 1 p. m. But they are always as sound at the close of business every day as they are when they open in the morning at 9 o'clock.

The dust nuisance has been the worst today that the city has ever experienced and clouds of the stuff have filled the air continually. Fortunately the weather is such that doors and windows are closed, but a trip where the wind has a sweep is most disagreeable. These sand storms are almost enough to suffocate one and clothing is made to look like the garments of a miller, or worse. There seems to be as much need of street sprinkling at the present as during the dusty days of summer.

AT THE NAVY YARD.

The new officers quarters will soon be ready for occupancy.

Assistant Marshal West visited the marine barracks on Thursday.

If the Constitution is rebuilt the work will be done at this yard.

Two deserters have been returned to the barracks here during the past two days.

Double ways have been placed in the Franklin shiphouse for the Craven and Dahlgren.

Plans for a large number of new buildings for this yard are to be submitted to the navy department. Among the number will be a mammoth new storehouse.

TWO MEDICAL BOARDS TO PASS ON CHIEF CARPENTER FLETCHER.

Chief Carpenter J. B. Fletcher, U. S. N., who has been ordered to Guam and who was examined by a medical board at Cleveland last week has been ordered before another board at Washington. The claim was made that Carpenter Fletcher was not in physical condition for duty at Guam.

DISASTEROUS YEAR.

Record in Shipping Circles Shows Heavy Losses Off This Coast.

The year ending June 30, 1899, was one of great disaster to the shipping of eastern New England, the statistical story of the casualties showing a most appalling record. The greatest losses were suffered in the terrific gale of Nov. 27, 1898, but all through the year wrecks were numerous, and the fleet was decimated to the extent of 166 sail, many of them the best vessels that could be constructed of wood. The loss of life in the year was 325, and the property loss nearly \$2,000,000.

Following is the summary of total wrecks for the year named of vessels sailing from ports in Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts:

Maine—Vessels lost, 78; tonnage, 24,358; value of vessels and cargoes, \$943,625; loss on vessels and cargoes, \$619,360; number of persons on board, 569; number of lives lost, 204.

New Hampshire—Vessels lost, 3; tonnage, 366; value of vessels and cargoes, \$780; loss on vessels and cargoes, \$560; number of persons on board, 14; no lives lost.

Massachusetts—Vessels lost, 85; tonnage, 22,914; value on vessels and cargoes, \$916,590; loss on vessels and cargoes, \$888,400; persons on board, 832; number of lives lost, 121.

The total value of vessels and cargoes was \$1,865,315, and the total loss on vessels and cargoes, \$1,814,360.

TEA TABLE TALK.

At last the skaters have their wish and young fellows with hockey sticks could be seen on Thursday afternoon hastening to the surrounding ponds for a try at the sport that has been so long denied them. While the ice as yet is by no means strong enough to permit any reckless exercises upon it, it is quite thick enough to afford good skating without much fear of breaking through and the skaters are making the most of it.

It may be well to remark that the Empire Stock company that went stranded out in western Massachusetts the other day was not the Empire Stock company which played here a number of weeks ago and made so many friends. It was a barnstorming aggregation, while Reuiger and Fitzpatrick's organization is backed by all kinds of money and is a very prosperous combination.

It will indeed be strange if the local bowlers do not take a lively interest in the proposed city league that Manager Schuman of the Portsmouth alleys is to start in a few days. I understand that at least seven teams will go into it, and as all of them contain some pretty clever players the league ought to prove a great success and a boom to the healthy sport.

Maplewood farm will have a still stronger stable in 1900. Besides its horses campaigned in 1899, it has a splendid lot in reserve to draw upon. Four of its most promising ones are Junotia, two, by Altivo 2:18 1/4 (the brother of Palo Alto 2:08 3/4)—Jennie Barton, by Gen. Benton, and Carrie Caswell, three, by Altivo—America, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian; Alerta, two, by Dexter Prince—Elden, three, 2:19 1/2 by Electioneer, and thus a sister of Klatawah, three, 2:05 1/2. Carrie Caswell and Junotia are known to possess sensational speed, and before being shipped east from Palo Alto, for sale, last April, the first worked a quarter in thirty-two seconds and the second one in thirty-three and a quarter seconds.—Horse Review.

The automatic change makers just devised for post offices are most ingeniously contrived, so that the pressure of a single key gives at once automatically the exact change required. By their use it is impossible to make a mistake in the returning of small change. The nearest approach to anything of this kind in this city are the cash registers and change holders used in the stores and banks here. The present machines are intended for the rapid making of change in small lots. They are very expensive and cost more than the ordinary large cash register, while occupying but a small space. It is understood that the Portsmouth office is to be supplied with them.

ICE GAVE WAY.

A boy named Archie Emery had a narrow escape from being drowned Thursday afternoon while skating on the North mill pond. He ventured too far down the pond toward the Maplewood avenue bridge, and the ice gave way. He was in the water some time before his companions succeeded in getting him out in an exhausted condition.

HE FOOLED THE SURGEONS.

All doctors told Benick Hamilton, of West Jefferson, O., after suffering 18 months from Rectal Fistula, he would die unless a costly operation was performed; but he cured himself with five boxes of Buckle's Arnica Salve, the great Pile cure on Earth, and the best Salve in the World. 25 cents a box. Sold by Globe Grocery Co.

PERSONALS.

Harry Burleigh of Dover is here on business.

Fred B. Coleman was in Boston on Thursday.

Sheriff Pender was in Manchester on Thursday.

Gen. A. O. Gibbs of Keene is a visitor in this city.

R. N. Nathan of Boston was in the city on Thursday.

Chief Carpenter J. B. Fletcher, order November 29 revoked, and to await orders.

Commander C. P. Perkins has been assigned to duty at the Washington navy yard.

The engagement is announced of May Robinson of Dover and Fred Frizzell of this city.

H. C. Hunt will today enter the employ of the Frank Jones' company as travelling collector.

Col. Charles P. Berry is on his annual southern trip and expects to be absent about ten days.

Mrs. William K. Hill gave a delightful afternoon card party at her home on Richards avenue, Thursday.

A. D. Richmond, superintendent of the Dover Electric Light and Power company was here today on business.

A party consisting of Edwin B. Prime, Assistant Marshal Frank H. West, S. Peter Emery, Col. John Pender, Dr. Lomuel Pope, Jr., and others went to Dover today on business.

Dr. A. B. Sherburne, G. Fred Drew and Fred B. Coleman went to Boston on Thursday to attend the annual meeting of Aleppo Temple, Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine.

YACHT CLUB INCORPORATED.

The Portsmouth Yacht club was incorporated in Concord Thursday at the office of the secretary of state. (The purposes of the club are social recreation and the furtherance of the science of yachting.)

WOMAN'S EXCHANGE.

Afternoon whist will be held at the Woman's Exchange Saturday afternoon, Dec. 30th, beginning at half past three o'clock. All are cordially invited. Admission 25 cents.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE FOR XMAS.

It will be for the family when the rooms have been all newly decorated and made attractive and costly by artistic and handsome wall papers. We have a most artistic stock of fine wall papers, Linoleum, wall coverings, ceiling decorations and the effects for bath rooms that will make your home a paradise at small cost.

J. H. Gardiner

10 & 12 Daniel St., Portsmouth

FIRE

Insurance That Will Insure.

BY

R. J. Kirkpatrick,

Congress Block,

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

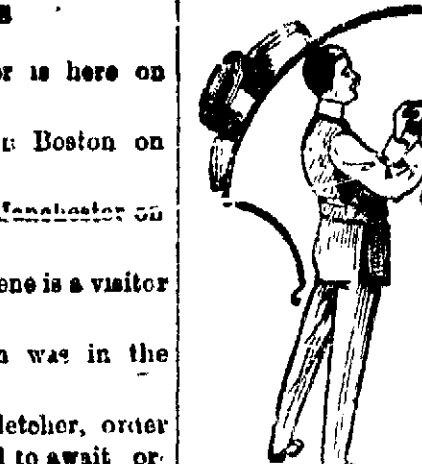
G. E. PENDER,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Office—13 Phoenix St., Exchange Building

Hours: 10 a. m. to 12 m., 1 p. m. to 5 p. m.

Residence—J. Harrison St.



STAMPS THE WEARER

as a man of some importance when the dress is right. Ill-fitting clothing brings little consideration for the man in a dress.

Let us improve your appearance, and, at the same time, your importance. Our

CLOTHING TO ORDER

will do both. Every little detail, anything that will add to the style or improve the finish of the garment is carefully considered and nothing neglected. Our garments are perfect in every respect.

JAS. HAUGH

20 High Street.

You Know That

TAYLOR,

THE CONFECTIONER,

Makes His Own High Grade

CANDIES.

He Uses The Finest Grades Of

Sugar And Other Ingredients.

Trade At

TAYLOR'S

1 Congress Street, Near High

TANKS

WIND MILLS

AND PUMPS

Gasoline and Hot Air Engines.

Artesian Wells Drilled

ESTIMATES GIVEN ON APPLICATION

EXPERIENCED MEN TO DO THE WORK

Steam, Hot Water and Hot

Air Heating.

PLUMBING AND PIPING.

W.E. Paul

39 to 45 Market St.

ESTABLISHED IN 1872.

C. E. BOYNTON

BOTTLE OF ALL KINDS OF

Summer Drinks.

Ginger Ale, Lemonade, Root Beer

Tonic, Vanilla, Orange and Strawberry Beer, Coffee, Chocolates and Soda Water in syphons for hotel and family use. Fountains charged at short notice.

Bottles of Eldredge and Milwaukee Lager, Porter, Refined Cider, Cream and Stock Ale.

ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

A continuance of patronage is solicited from former customers and the public in general. Every endeavor will be made to fill orders promptly and in a satisfactory manner.

C. E. Boynton

16 Bow Street, Portsmouth